

Moosomin and Its Pioneers

James N. MacKinnon

To the G. C. Legend,
by
J. N. MacKinnon,

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INCLUDING

Humorous Incidents and Up-to-Date Sketches

BY

JAMES N. MacKINNON

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After the meeting of the S.H.Society on the night of Sept. 20th I promised to send you a copy of this GIGANTIC TOME of mine. Its word content in larger print and proper book-binding facilities could make it much more prominent, but such as it is, it sell like rationed goods do at the present time.

J. H. Mull

Foreword

A wet Saturday afternoon in the City of Moosomin in the year of our Lord 2088. This obliged the twelve year old chums, Freddie MacLeod and Bill Wright to confine their play to the roomy attic in the latter's mansion home on Broadway.

Needless to say, all of our present citizens, including the babes in arms, have long since departed from the earthly scenes of their joys and sorrows, but a few inquisitive Spirits from the old town are looking down with wonder at the well paved dustless streets and sanitary homes, each equipped with its own private plant for storing its quota of heat from the sun's superabundance to be used for heating and cooking purposes during the year.

"Let's explore that old cobwebby trunk in the corner" suggested Bill. "Grandma says that her grandpa bought it at the auction sale at which an old man named Fred Main or Bain, the 4th of that ilk, was the auctioneer. She said that that was the very day before the great Allie Oop Cavern of dinosaurs and other antediluvian monsters was discovered on the old Clark ranch in the Pipestone valley, and she said that the excitement was so great that people neglected all ordinary work for a long time, and I'll just bet this old trunk was never opened."

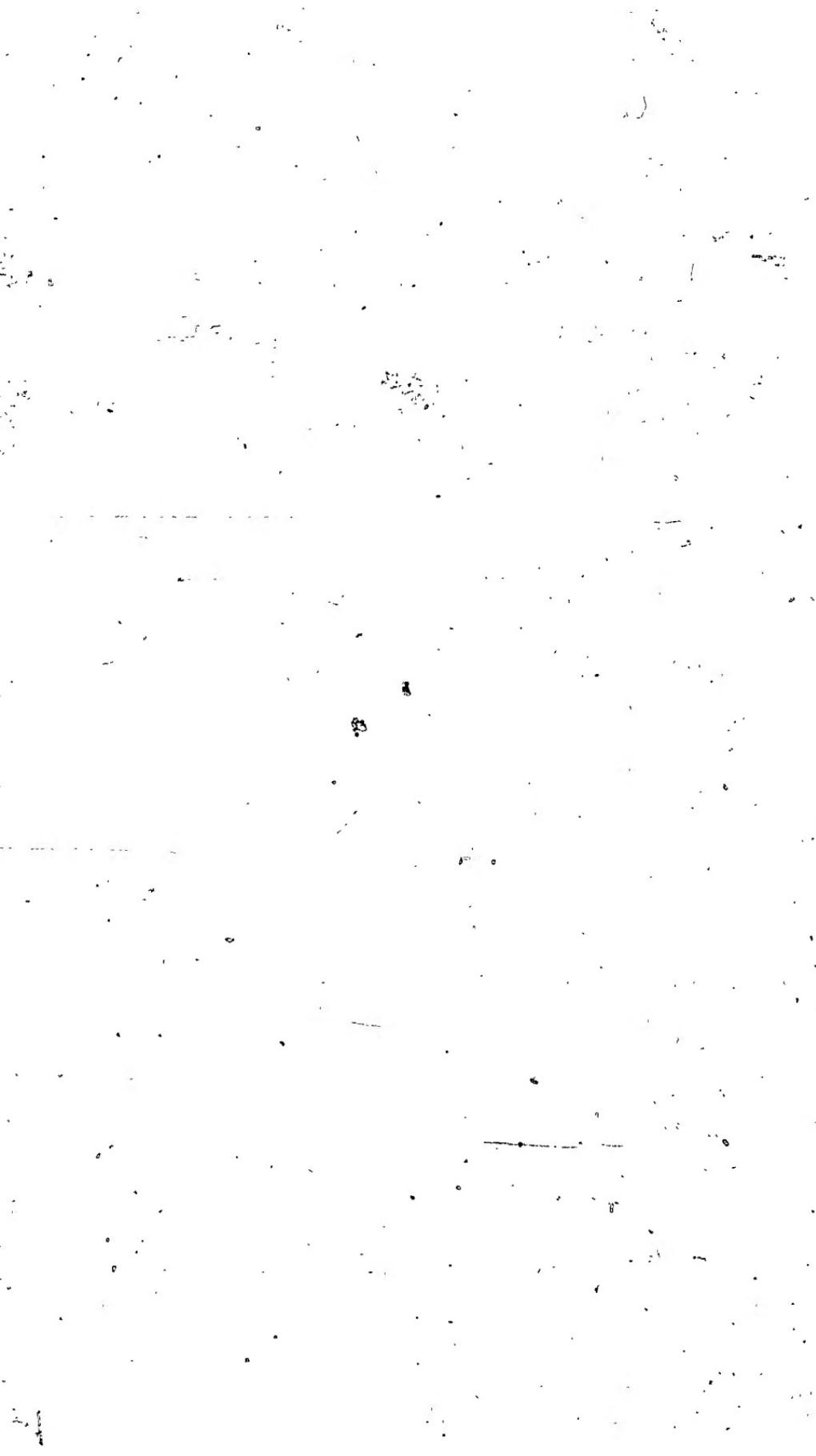
At the very bottom of the ancient trunk, the boys found a few old books and papers including an Eaton's catalogue, a yellowed copy of The World-Spectator of the year 1939, and a little book written about Moosomin and its pioneers about the same time when the city was a comparatively small town, long before the Sask-Qua-Pipe Irrigation System was even thought of.

"Oh boy!" said Bill, "I'll bet we have the answer here as to where the old Queen's Hotel, and the Royal Bank buildings were located in the city over a hundred years ago; a question which my grandpa Smith and old grandpa MacRae quarrel over every time they meet. Why, last night, they almost came to blows while guessing at the age of the city, the meaning of its name, and the year of its incorporation as a town. They would have too, but luckily both got so dizzy with anger and from jumping up in such a hurry, that all they could do was cling to one another to keep from falling."

The result of the boys find had the effect of settling all the questions that created such hostility between grandpa Smith and grandpa MacRae, including their numerous respective kinfolk and friends.

Therefore to avoid anything like this happening to your posterity, be sure and leave one or more of these handy little books in every trunk and strong box that are liable to be handed down to future generations. Even now, at this early stage of our history, we find ourselves handicapped through the loss or destruction of records pertaining to our town in its early years.

The normal man is inquisitive by nature, and this is likely to continue unabated down the ages to come. Those who will walk our streets long after we are gone will be asking, wondering and pondering as we are doing now, but seldom getting an answer, and anything that will guide them—even though the picture may be a mere faint outline—will be appreciated long after the fingers that traced it are dust.



Moosomin and Its Pioneers

Including

Humorous Incidents and Up-to-date Sketches

The following little sketches and incidents relative to Moosomin and surrounding districts, and the founders thereof, do not pretend by any means to be exhaustive in their scope. It is simply a rambling "hit and miss" account; partly from memory, and we all know how fallible memories are—especially when drawn upon after an interval of over fifty long years.

We have known men learned in the law to disagree over very recent happenings with might and main, and to produce witnesses to prove—on the one side, that the negro on trial was white on the day in question; while the other side just as strenuously maintained that he was decidedly black at the time.

We have known doctors to disagree regarding the number of red spots that should qualify a person to have a full case of measles; and we all know of the age-old disagreement between spiritual leaders regarding the hereafter; the proper road thereto, and as to whether there are three, two, or merely one permanent or temporary places of abode beyond the present life. There are even grave doubts among our reverend gentlemen as to whether they should button their collars at the back or in front.

Proper historians are wise when they never write their histories until a few centuries at least have rolled by; for by that time they are sure that no one will appear in the flesh to disprove or dispute anything they write, no matter how absurd it happens to be. Therefore, we are at a disadvantage regarding Moosomin and its pioneers, for their history is rather paradoxical, in being too young and too old at the same time.

It is too young so long as there are any of the old settlers living, because they are sure to disagree with some of the solemn facts—or at least, alleged facts—herein related. One is sure to maintain that the Moosomin Lake used to be south of town in the early eighties, and thus, being nearer the equator accounted for its pleasant odor in those days. Another is bound to insist that the first white child born in Moosomin was an Indian, just for the sake of an argument.

It is too old because many changes occur in over half a hundred years. Even the hills we used to know so well on the old prairie farm, seem to have altered their shapes when we saw them lately; and the old discarded binder wheel thrown aside on the then bald prairie, now encircles a tree half as tall as our town tank. It is also a well known fact that memories do not improve with time, but such as they are, not one of our old-timers would if he could exchange his for an up-to-date green sample.

Therefore, if this ever sees the light of day, some contradictions may be cheerfully expected. To disagree and criticize is the dearly loved privilege of every person. For example; join any little group that helps to hold up our street corners any warm day and listen to it discussing and arranging complicated affairs of the political world; each man fully believing that he has the right cure, if only the silly "powers that be" had the sense to adopt and apply it. We all do it, and get quite a kick out of it too; but seldom thinking that building castles—actual ones—and building castles in the air are very different accomplishments.

Needless to say, there were many pioneers in Moosomin and surround-

ing settlements during those early years; some of them prominent in their day and locality, but whose names will not appear here for the simple reason that they were members of a type apparently created for pioneer life. This type, although sojourning in one place for a time, inevitably answers the call of the wilderness and silent places, and moves on and ever on to blaze a new trail.

Also, needless to say, there were many others, men and women, and very worthy specimens they were too, who died normally in their day and generation in and around Moosomin, but whose names are generally forgotten; but who played their parts to the best of their ability when our town and district were young. These may be grouped as having lived more strenuous lives, having fewer comforts; but on the whole experienced the same hopes and fears as do their successors today.

This is also partly based on short written accounts, or recollections left by two outstanding citizens who were residents here for a great many years; and who, by their positions in the life of the community had the best of opportunities for observing many things that would not be noted by the ordinary citizen. We refer to John McCurdy, and George B. Murphy. Mr. McCurdy was six times Mayor of Moosomin, also a business man in a large way down through the years to the end of his life. A man of sterling character, his hand and heart were ever open to the destitute. The other, George B. Murphy, was one of the very best mixers we have had here to date. He was Sheriff of the District through every change of government, and though he often showed his hand in the good old days, his position seemed impregnable to the time of his death, which occurred over ten years ago. We are also indebted to some real old-timers for verbal help. These include two of the very few adults of 1882, Abraham Bell and Amos Kinsey.

Moosomin

This little metropolis of the district bearing the same name, is not very ancient in a comparative sense. Unfortunately we have no ancient ruins; for no sooner do we have the makings—such as an abandoned haunted mill, or an extra pre-prohibition hotel or something, than somebody comes along and knocks it down; and this we claim is not fair to posterity. Yet Moosomin is one of the oldest, and by right the head of the firm of urban centres that started to mushroom in the very early eighties over that wide area known as South Eastern Saskatchewan.

From the very first, Moosomin was, and still is, to a great extent, the professional and commercial centre of an extensive district. In fact, for many years after its founding, Moosomin was a little Mecca or Rome to which all trails led.

From the north they came from beyond the Qu' Appelle, and we know that in those days people thought there was nothing back of that but the North Pole and the Northern Lights. From the south they came from as far as the U. S. boundary. From the east people came from the invisible Manitoba line, and from the west some came even from the far ranches at the foot-hills of the Rockies to dispose of their best horses in Moosomin.

All pioneers are optimists to the core, or they wouldn't be pioneering; and like poets, pioneers are born, not made; that is the true pioneer. In

fact, most of the founders of our prairie towns were so very optimistic that the swaddling clothes and other trimmings they prepared for their infant towns are in many cases still too large for them.

Each townsite was then a potential city, and it is rather amusing, even if a little tragic, to visit some tiny hamlet in between towns to find its central lots mere slivers of twenty-five foot frontages over which the unseemly cattle graze and gambol, forgetting that it was once "valuable inside stuff" of yester-year, and that the shades of long departed real estate agents may be looking down and grinning sorrowfully. Perhaps?

Anyway, almost all adults were bitten some time or other, by the epidemic mania to buy lots, and the more the merrier. This, of course, was long before the depression. There were many real estate agents in those days, and the sales talk ended something like this: "Come on fella; take a chance. Desirable inside stuff. Fortune knockin' at your door fella. Never again, perhaps, and only fifty bucks boy, and you may sell it tomorrow for a thousand; a thousand did I say? I meant five thousand when the great boom starts. Thank you, sir."

Who could resist investing in such a glorious get-rich-quick chance like that? And there is a lot of earth in a twenty-five foot lot, for no one seems to know for certain the exact depth to which one may claim ownership. So, the lucky speculator, who thinks he is really a clever fellow dreams happily for a time, as he lovingly views his real estate, but finally he is satisfied in his tar-papered shack, a bed of sorts, and his very own private peg on which to hang his hat.

But coming back to Moosomin, as it was before the foolish Branch Lines of various Railway Companies began to poach on its legal preserves. These stretched their sinuous meandering lines over the land on every hand. The expected great benefits from these costly roads did not materialize; at least to anything like that expected, but naturally these roads, and the little villages that sprang up, took a lot of trade and other business away from Moosomin.

The people to be met with on the streets of our town in those days were of an altogether different type from the people to be met with there today.

Those were drawn from many parts of the world, and consequently their outlook on life was as different, one from the other, as was the cut of their whiskers. These to say the least, were many and varied. Full luxuriant beards; goatees; monstrous side-burns; sweeping mustaches; and others with close shaven lips surrounded by a forest of whiskers, were only a few of the styles to be met with on our pioneer streets in those good old days, and it seems too bad that those picturesque styles are out of date now.

Of course, we must admit that the male of the species, whether furred, feathered, or human, is too gloriously ornamented by Mother Nature to need any artificial aid, except in the trimming and training thereof; while the other sex?--But no more; except, that one wonders how the girls of those days ever came to know their future husbands, who were so well hidden behind their hairy forests of beauty. If those men were suddenly deprived of their facial decorations, we are sure their women-folk would have to get acquainted all over again.

As one might expect, when a group of our pioneers met, either for business or pleasure, there was something doing all the time. Sparks

frequently flew, as their minds were tempered in many different forges, but they were mostly kindly men, and very interesting, individually and collectively.

The present generation differs greatly from those old-timers, for eighty percent of the smooth shaven men you meet on the streets today, are so much alike in looks and manners as if they were hatched in the same incubator. The same percentage applies to their thoughts and minds also, but we will admit that they have one great advantage over that vast silent majority of our early citizens; and that is, that they are alive and able to speak for themselves.

Our pioneer friends, seeing that the new country was exceedingly large, came to the conclusion that they wanted plenty of elbow room; so they began to spread the infant town over a section and a half of land. Of course, electric lights, sewage systems, telephones and other modern conveniences were not even dreamed of then. Also, with a happy disregard for the future, they built their homes without any proper foundations or basements; an omission for which their charitable successors often blessed their memories in strong modern, but understandable language; adding to their list of grievances, that they wished those old-timers had the sense when they were laying out the town, to have kept closer together in its interior, instead of playing hide-and-go-seek all over the place, thus adding to taxes and other pleasant abominations that their heirs have to pay with grins of joy?

But we must excuse them—at least to a certain extent—for many of them were born and bred in cramped quarters in their old home lands; and moreover they were tasting the meaning of democratic freedom for the first time, and liking it, they wanted to forget red tape and everything else of an oppressive nature, especially, when they found themselves in illimitable surroundings.

In the event of anyone doubting the size of Moosomin's area; he can easily verify it by stepping out some nice summer afternoon from the centre of the town and head in any direction. He is sure to find buildings tucked away in the most unexpected places, mostly built at any old angle, without any regard to the cardinal points of the compass, or town-site survey. They seem to scorn such weaknesses, preferring independence to uniformity; and to an extent that one cannot help but admire.

Moosomin is to be found scattered over Section 33, and the east half of Section 32-13-31 west; and very cosily it sits under the shade of its countless maples and native poplars; and rightly considered one of the most beautiful towns in Saskatchewan today; especially during the summer season.

The meaning and origin of the name "Moosomin" is still doubtful. Some claim that it was named after an old Indian warrior, Chief Moosomin, who had his headquarters somewhere in the Moose Mountains; while the well-known missionary, Rev. John McDougall, who knew much about the Indian language, claims that the word is derived from the "mooseberry"—something like the high bush cranberry—on which the moose feed during the fall season.

Anyway, the name was given by the C. P. R. officials, and they certainly must have had pretty good taste, for the name is very satisfying; a real soft mouthful, with nothing har-r-rsh about it, and very dear to the ear of the native, especially when heard away from home.

Moosomin was born in 1882. Brandon was then the western end of all

traffic on the C. P. R., but by June of that year the rails had reached where our town now stands. A siding was put down, which was then known to railroad men as Siding No. 4, but later received its present permanent name.

In those days there was a large construction camp here, and from which base the railroad was pushed many miles west. There were two large canvas boarding places, originally for the convenience of railroad men, but which proved such alluring havens of rest for passing weary land seekers, and those looking for suitable business locations, that many of them went no further for either.

The district was well spoken of by those who had previously explored the land. The soil was considered very suitable for mixed farming, so Siding No. 4 became for quite a time a regular hive of activity.

In those days, it was also something of a hunters paradise. Wild life in beast and bird was plentiful. The sloughs, which were large and numerous after the heavy floods of 1882, were fairly swarming with every kind of duck native to this part of Canada. The great buffalo herds which once roamed our great prairies had disappeared entirely even then, but clues were plentiful of their once countless numbers. Bones, with shreds of buffalo still adhering, were to be found in piles in the old buffalo wallows and other depressions; while their deeply worn trails are to be plainly seen, even now, if you know where to look for them.

But if the buffalo had gone the way of all flesh, there were plenty of lesser animals; especially the red fox, which was quite plentiful on the rolling prairies in those days, but which seems to have mysteriously vanished from the face of the earth, at least in these parts. Coyotes were not much in evidence in the early days, and their multiplying with the coming of civilization, must have had something to do with the disappearance of the foxes. Deer, bears, badgers and skunks were fairly plentiful, especially the latter two. Many of our early settlers from the old countries had rather disastrous introductions to their first skunks. The slow-moving, beautiful striped creature was an irresistible challenge to the settler hungring for a nice pet; and maybe wishing to impress his friends or his sweetheart with his prowess in catching this beauty with his bare hand; a stunt he proceeds to do with ardour, and (you may believe) odor. He did too, and so did the skunk. Curtain.

Another interesting sight that was quite common in the early days, was the pure unadulterated native in all his glory—blanket, feathers, moccassins and all the other trimmings that went with it—before he was penned up on his reserve after the 1885 rebellion.

Even in those early days, there were some rough-necks among the new settlers. We remember seeing a certain teamster drying along in the merry month of May 1884, and seeing a number of squaws and papooses sitting on a little knoll back from where the C. P. R. station now stands, he deliberately went out of his way and whipped his horses to a hard gallop right through the group, laughing uproariously as he saw them falling over each other to get out of the way to save their lives.

Very few of the specimens we saw then were like the splendid romantic type pictured by Fenimore Cooper and his many imitators. We remember exploring the shores of the Moosomin Lake that early summer of '84, and there came across a young native couple looking happy if not very clean and evidently heading for camp and dinner, for when the wind blew the man's blanket aside a cow's leg—with its pants and twin boots still on—was exposed in all its gory. The day was quite hot, too.

The fact that the trail of the Hudson's Bay Company between Fort Pelly, Fort Ellice and the Moose Mountain Reserves joined at this point, helped much to make the new townsite more desirable as a permanent home. These promising conditions, besides its being an almost entirely English-speaking community, brought many of its early settlers to Moosomin, while many others, travel-weary land seekers, whose original goals were the Qu'Appelle, Souris district, and the Moose Mountains, stopped here to rest, and stayed for the rest of their natural lives. Such is fate.

A promising community like young Moosomin soon attracts suitable material for the building of its essential parts, so that a HUB like our infant town very soon found many men anxious to add their respective spokes to it and thus make it function properly.

Law and order were looked after by a detachment of the North West Mounted Police, under the command of Sergeant Norris. In those days adventurous scions of famous British families could be found acting as plain constables at fifty cents or so a day. The life appealed to them, and their example did much to form the pattern of the kind of men subsequently admitted, with the result that the name of the force is synonymous with efficiency wherever the English language is spoken.

But to the community at large, where peace and trust abide, the most important of all is the pioneer merchant, and Moosomin was unusually fortunate in this respect; for hardly had the rails time to get acquainted with the ties on which they rested, that first week in July 1882, when R. D. McNaughton, accompanied by J. A. Whiting, (then a very young man) arrived on the scene, and soon had a general store operating in a large tent. These pioneer merchants, the first to open in Moosomin, hailed from New Brunswick, and had a car-load or two of merchandise which had reached Brandon early in April. Very slowly, but surely, they got it pushed west; first to Flat Creek (now Oak Lake); then to Virden, and finally to its destination Moosomin.

Our Pioneer Merchants

As we always find the merchant in the van of the settlers pouring into a newly opened country, he and his kind deserve priority over our other early citizens, professional or otherwise. Therefore we will devote some space to the principal merchants who catered to the needs of the early settlers scattered over a wide area already mentioned; and naturally the first to head them should be and will be Robert Duncan McNaughton, that slight, pale man whose name will always be associated with the very foundation of the town of Moosomin.

This rather frail man had a very strong personality, and a big share of that mysterious something that seems to radiate from certain rare individuals to the effect that one becomes aware of a "presence" in a crowded room, without knowing its identity. Chief Justice Wetmore was another.

In person McNaughton was below the middle height, very erect, a pale face with neatly trimmed imperial beard, and was often dressed in a darkish pepper-and-salt suit, that seemed to fit like a glove. He wasted few words and his concise, clear-cut sentences were usually uttered in a rather cold, flat penetrating tone of voice. This could change to a warm, modulated tone after listening to a deserving but unfortunate customer; many of whom he often helped and carried for years, until their luck changed.

But, let any of the dead-beat variety try to impose on him: then R. D. produced a stinging vocabulary that fairly sizzled, for we once had the good fortune to listen in—at a distance—when one of this kind happened to be on the carpet. No perceptible raising of voice; no word, that would not pass in Sunday School; but the battery was almost deadly, and the man, who a few moments before had entered with such cocky assurance, wilted visibly, and went out a very much deflated specimen of humanity.

McNaughton never appeared to solicit trade, yet not one of his countless customers—that is the right kind—ever left him while he was in charge. The good old trade name—including old associates—became a household word far and wide, and at this date, fifty-six years later, it is still going strong.

The second McNaughton store was built of lumber on the same site on which the present commodious brick and stone block now stands. That second store still functions across the street from its big successor, where on certain occasions, when the sun is right, it seems to glare at it, while Rod, with his cheery tapping in its interior, does his best to keep it from brooding too much over the past.

Eventually James A. Whiting, and Marshall Smith became McNaughton's partners. Smith, a brother-in-law of McNaughton, after a few years withdrew his interest and moved to British Columbia. Later on, a Joint Stock Company was formed, and Mr. Whiting became the head of the big concern; while the aging founder moved to Montreal, where his two sons were attending McGill University. There he acquired an interest in a manufacturing business, and there he died early in May, 1915.

McNaughton was the only Moosomin pioneer after whom one of our streets is named, but being a very busy man, he never accepted any civic appointment, with the exception of being school trustee and chairman of the Board for years. The exceptionally fine, sturdy workmanship so noticeable in our public school building, is mostly due to his close superintendence while it was under construction. This is another lasting monument to R. D. McNaughton. Summing up; to a casual observer McNaughton appeared rather cold and aloof, but he was really very human and approachable.

His successor, as head of the firm, James A. Whiting, never left but one impression with anyone who knew him; and that was that he was unusually warm-hearted and genial by nature as well as by inclination. Nothing pleased him better than being surrounded by a number of understanding friends to share his hospitality. He also kept his finger, as it were, on the customer's pulse, and knew of his principal joys and sorrows, and if at all possible, he would be there to congratulate, or to sympathize, as the case might be.

There are generous men, and other generous men. The first, when he gives, appears to do so grudgingly; although he may in fact be giving it with the best will in the world. The other kind, and the rarest; when he gives, leaves the pleasant impression that he is glad to do it, and that the donee is almost conferring a favor in accepting the donation.

Mr. Whiting was one of these last, and it was a real pleasure to visit him after passing through the ordeal (a most unpleasant one) of soliciting donations for a certain Society several years ago; for it felt like entering a refreshing oasis in a comparatively arid wilderness. (A. T. Procter was another.)

When Mr. Whiting died some years ago, there was more genuine sorrow visible than we have seen but rarely anywhere; for everyone who knew Jim Whiting felt that he had lost a warm personal friend.

Herbert Jamieson, who succeeded him as managing director of the Company, was another outstanding citizen. Herb started in the big store as a boy, and rose step by step, until he acquired an interest, and finally, as above stated, managing director. Like Mr. Whiting, Mr. Jamieson had the knack of knowing his customers intimately, and frequently enjoyed visiting many of their homes, and his sudden untimely death, at a Canadian Club meeting in the town hall in October 1929, was a great shock to Moosomin and district.

The sons of the two outstanding merchants mentioned above; George A. Whiting, and Charles W. Jamieson; together with S. H. Calvert—the former being the managing director, are the heads of the old firm at the present time, and ably upholding its well earned prestige that dates from that early morning of the first week in July 1882, when R. D. McNaughton first opened his pioneer tent store on the bare patch of prairie now known as Moosomin.

The next merchants to follow McNaughton here in 1882 were a couple of young men from Ontario; Joseph Carroll, and William H. Maulson. A year or two later, Thomas Carroll, a brother of Joe arrived, and helped around for a time: then started farming which he kept up for many years; his farm being that now owned by Mr. Barnes, east of, and adjoining the town. Tom Carroll was a typical Irishman, ready for anything; and was, of course "agin the government" of that day. Tom was in his glory at election times, especially when he and some kindred Grit spirits tried to steal a march on the Tory camp, by getting first to outlying districts to gather votes for his party, before the other fellow arrived, and it used to be said, that in a certain district to the far north, some of the older jackrabbits were listed as eligible voters.

Anyway, Tom was persuasive and very likeable, and may still be living in the East.

Carroll Maulson & Co. carried on business for several years. Carroll, a scholarly looking man, abandoned storekeeping for something else that had more kick to it. Their store occupied the corner where the Bank of Commerce building now stands. The first Post Office was opened in their tent store in 1882, and later, for quite a while, it was handled in their new store; stout, leonine faced Joseph Daniel was postmaster, and afterwards first mayor of Moosomin. Later on, he built a Post Office building on South Front Street, immediately west of McNaughton's store.

One day, shortly before his untimely death; the late John Hewgill was reminiscing over old times and told this little yarn in connection with his old friend and crony, Joe Daniel, while the latter was still functioning in the old Front Street Post Office.

"One day at noon," said John, "I went into the post office, and found Daniel all alone, with his great hairy head framed in the wicket, and a watery twinkle in his eye, as he whispered hoarsely—"Say John; how would you like a drink of scotch before dinner." Now, although water was extra plentiful everywhere in those particular days, scotch was decidedly not; and so John promptly answered—"Sure Joe." Whereon Joseph's hoarse whisper again. "Go around and come in through the back door." "On entering, I found Daniel kneeling before the post office safe,

busily twirling the combination. "Good gracious Joe, why do you keep it there?"

"Well, you see John," replied Joseph. "It's an uncertain world, and accidents may happen, such as a bad hot fire; and this (with a sweep of his arm, indicating the premises) wouldn't last long, and so John, if that misfortune should happen, I want to save the bottle anyway."

As already noted; the year 1882 was a real busy one for Moosomin. The C. P. R. workmen were busy building a station house, section house, and water tank, while a steady stream of homestead seekers with a sprinkling of other speculators kept the boarding-house keepers and merchants on the jump day and night.

It was the latter part of October, when the surveyor, A. E. Struthers and his men came to survey the townsite, and as might be expected under the circumstances, there were many parties waiting and watching to see if their locations were where they thought and hoped they were. Therefore street corner stakes had many watchers when they finally sprouted, and many a sigh of relief went up from the lucky ones, as they began with enthusiasm on buildings suitable for their various trades and professions.

Two livery and feed stables were soon operating; the first to open was owned by Doug. McCallum, from Ontario, and the other by George F. Dunn, a native of Ireland. Mr. Dunn, like many of our early settlers had more than one iron in the fire; for he was a butcher, (in an addition to the stable), an auctioneer, a farmer, and later on a justice of the peace. He was soon relieved of the butcher end of the business when Jim Inglis bought it.

Inglis was shortly joined in the business by Harry Smith, a practical butcher from England. Mr. Smith in due time became sole owner, and for a great number of years was a well known figure in the business life of Moosomin. Today, his son Tom is a popular member of a firm in the same line of business, and not many steps from his father's old pioneer stand.

That year also saw the first blacksmith and machine shops, owned and operated by John McCurdy. They stood where his son Victor Charles has his general agency offices today. Wagons and sleighs were made to order here; some of the first being made for the pioneer Mounties; and we are told that some of those wagons and sleighs are still to be found, and in fair condition too.

Later on a foundry was added. John Tucker had joined Mr. McCurdy prior to this, and the firm was known as McCurdy & Tucker. This foundry at that time was the only one of its kind to be found between Brandon and Calgary; with the exception of the C. P. R. shop at Moose Jaw. But conditions were unfavorable for this class of work on the prairies, and so the foundry part of the business was discontinued.

John McGuirl, with his furniture manufacturing plant had the same sort of experience, but those rare ventures, including a tannery which used to function for a time in a building on the corner lot west of Fudge's, and which the Ford people now use for their overflow of ancient models. All these ventures, and others considered as city prerogatives, gave Moosomin the right to swagger a little bit if it felt so inclined; and the very remembrance, even yet, is enough to make any old-timer swell with pride as he paints the glories of the good old eighties to mere youngsters under sixty.

Late in the fall, another son of Erin; E. M. Rossiter, began the building of Moosomin's first hotel, which was known for many years as the "Grosvenor." The new hotel was ready for business as Christmas approached, and to give it the proper start and publicity, mine host Rossiter invited many prominent citizens to partake of their Christmas dinner with him. They responded nobly, doubtless congratulating themselves on their luck; but imagine their surprise and chagrin, when their kindly host planted himself by the door, and demanded fifty cents from each departing guest.

Dr. R. J. Rutledge, the first physician to practice in Moosomin, arrived about this time too. According to old-timers qualified to judge, he was one of the very best doctors then practicing anywhere west of Winnipeg. What hardships he underwent as he drove through blizzards in cold wintry weather through the deep snows of those early eighties, with hardly ever any trail or landmark of any kind for guidance, as he hurried to the bedside of some sick or dying pioneer; perhaps 10, 20, 30, or even 40 miles away.

This great pioneer doctor had that almost indispensable knack, or rather gift, of imparting hope and confidence to the patient. Much of the sick-room gloom, and even the pain seemed to depart when Dr. Rutledge bounced in, for the anxious patient saw a cheerful countenance that radiated that hope which effected half the cure there and then.

Poor Dr. Rutledge didn't reap a very fruitful harvest (in a monetary sense) from his large field of practice. Attendance charges in those days were not very high, and most of his patients were very poor; but more than anything, the good doctor was a very poor collector.

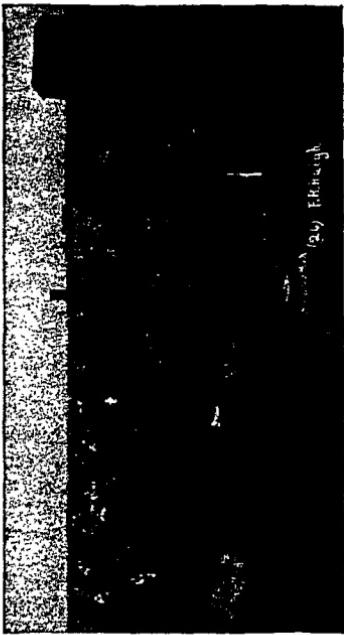
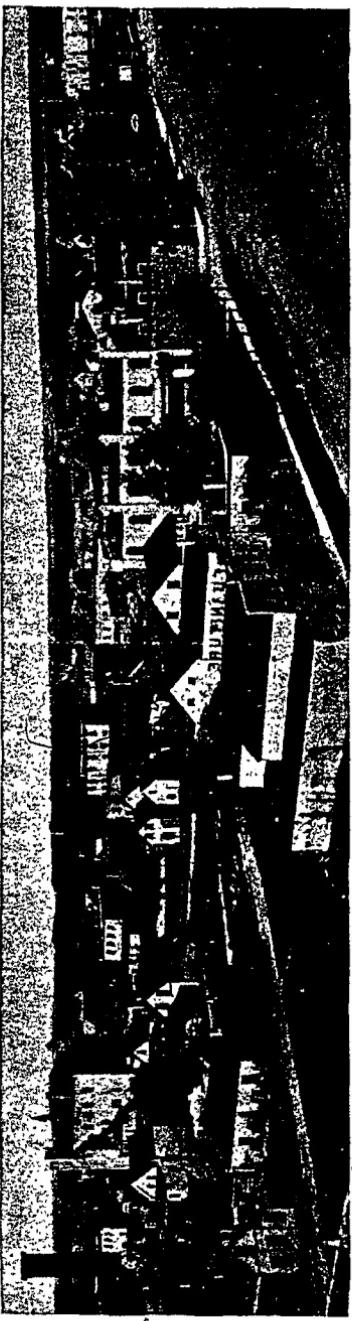
After practicing for over twenty years in Moosomin, he went to California with his family, a comparatively poor man; and there he died several years ago from the effects of an accident caused by a runaway team of horses.

Included among the settlers of 1882 were two clergymen; one, Rev. Moses Dimmick, a Methodist from Ontario. He settled on a homestead several miles north-east of town, but later moved in and gathered the members of his flock, taking charge for a number of years. The other; Rev. Wm. Nicholl, an Irishman hailing from England, where he was a Congregationalist, but after coming here he joined the Presbyterians. He also lived on a homestead during the first winter. To hold services in town (in trapper Struther's house), he used to drive in seated on a crude home-made sled drawn by an ox. The Nicholls lived in a badly constructed sod house; and the wife, an exceptionally cultured lady used to relate—as a sample of the privations and hardships the pioneer had to endure—that she remembered their partaking of breakfast more than once with the thermometer registering 15 below zero on the table.

These two pastors attempted to climb "Parnassus" to woo the Muses occasionally, for we find some of their verses and prose in early issues of our pioneer newspaper, the Moosomin Courier.

The first Anglican pastor in charge here was Rev. W. W. Bolton, who later moved to Victoria, B. C., and was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Sargent, who later became Dean of Qu'Appelle. Reverends Williams, Gross and Cole were widely known successors who had charge here for many years.

The Catholics were always few in and around Moosomin; and therefore never had a resident priest here. However, they were not neglected, for prior to 1884, passing missionaries sought them out occasionally in



1924 E.R. Haigh

E.R. Haigh.

town and country, and in that year, Rev. Joseph McCarthy, O. M. I., of St. Boniface and Winnipeg, made frequent visits to Moosomin and St. Andrews, and these he kept up until Rev. David Gillies took charge a few years later.

Those of the Baptist persuasion were not organized in Moosomin until 1885, when Mr. J. H. Hoyle took charge for some two years. From 1887 to 1889 there was no minister, but at the end of that year, another student, John Cain took charge. From then on till August 1922, twenty-one individuals were in charge here; ten of them ordained ministers, and eleven students. (Thanks to Rev D. J. MacNabb, the present pastor, for this information.)

The First Winter and Spots of Social Life

During that first winter of 1882 the social side of life was made pleasanter for all concerned by many young bachelor homesteaders moving into town, where they erected temporary shanties which housed from two to six individuals, who set up housekeeping in crude and cramped quarters. To be charitable it is better not to raise the curtain to have a peep inside one of those pioneer bachelor abodes; although most of the young men were from refined homes. However, on the whole, they rather enjoyed the freedom and lack of feminine supervision and other rigid rules imposed in ordinary established life.

The lack of experience in almost everything led to many peculiar incidents, not only in connection with housekeeping operations, but also in other matters. For instance, one young fellow woke up shivering one night, and coming to the conclusion that "all the bally cold, you know" that existed in the North West Territories, was coming in through the stove-pipe; he got up quietly without waking the others, and grabbed the first thing his hand found in the dark, which happened to be a large frozen jack-rabbit. Hurrying outside silently, and stepping on to the roof of the shack from a convenient snow-bank, he stuffed the jack, hind parts first down into the stove-pipe; then back to his bunk, his good deed done for the night.

Being the last to get in the previous night, when he found the others asleep, and the jack being shot by himself as a welcome addition to their larder, none of the others knew that it ever existed. Next morning the fire was started with damp kindling, but the flue refused to function; while the smoke-choked inmates with trailing blankets were soon breathing 30 below zero weather into their labouring lungs.

Their mouths remained open, when in the ghostly dawn, they saw a monstrous rabbit with head and front legs exposed, and apparently doing its level best to get out of their stove-pipe, while Monty, the culprit, appeared more surprised than the rest, innocently suggested that the poor bunny, or whatever it was, must have gone there to warm its tail, but was scared to death by Charlie's snoring. He insisted however on dressing the animal personally.

Among other settlers of more than ordinary calibre during the latter part of that busy first year, were the Neff brothers; John Ryerson, and Oliver J. R., as he was usually called, represented some capitalists of Toronto and St. George, his native place in Ontario. He was able to invest in two sections of good land north of town, where he started farming operations on a large scale. He also homesteaded and pre-empted a half

section south of town; where John Pillsworth, also one of the 82 settlers, lives at the present time.

Quite a few jobless young men were under obligations to J. R. Neff, during those first hard years, for they found work with pay and good farming experience on his big farm to the north, where in 1884 he harvested 500 acres.

The Neff brothers also erected a general store on Main Street, under the name of the Moosomin Farming & Trading Company, with Oliver in charge. After a couple of years the store was sold to a dark silent little man, Richard Tees, of Montreal. In the late spring of 1883, J. R. returned from a trip to Ontario with full farming equipment, including twelve teams of horses. Shortly afterwards, all these horses were burned to death in their stable one noon hour while the teamsters were having dinner. Not discouraged in the least, J. R. headed East again, and soon returned with another twelve team bunch that resumed tearing up more virgin prairie. This goes to show that money—even if it is the root of much evil—comes in very handy on such occasions.

S. A. Bedford, inspector for the Canada North West Land Company, and who first owned Benacre Farm south of town, where farming experiments were carried on on a small scale, was the first member for the Moosomin District in the old North West Council. Prior to this, the District was included in a much larger one, reaching as far west as Broadview, and of which Claude Hamilton, of that town, was member in the said Council.

Mr. Bedford however, had to resign when he was appointed Superintendent of the newly established Experimental Farm near Brandon, Man., which move opened the way for J. R. Neff to enter politics for the first time. He was duly elected, and later on was taken into the Haultain Administration of that day as Executive head of the Public Works Department. J. R. served for some ten years, but was finally ousted by Alex S. Smith. Mr. Neff resumed farming and died in 1913.

In the meantime his brother Oliver was not idle. From storekeeping, conveyancing, insurance, etc., he was appointed Clerk of the Court under Judge Wetmore in 1887, when the Supreme Court of the North West Territories was established. This position he filled with efficiency for over 21 years. Oliver Neff was Mayor of Moosomin more than once, and otherwise a very busy and prominent citizen, especially in church matters and local politics. He was a conservative of the old school and dearly loved the excitement of an election. Once, when his party won the political battle, he was appointed Chief Inspector of Dominion Lands with headquarters at Brandon. When the position was abolished, under the Liberal Government, he returned to his old home in Moosomin, and resumed business until he retired a few years ago. He died at the end of August 1935. A bright monument may be said to stand to his memory here, for we believe he it was who was mainly instrumental in organizing and installing the beacon light to commemorate our departed pioneers whom he joined a few years after its installation.

Oliver Neff was outstanding for his neat and trim appearance to the very end of his life, for he always looked as if he had just stepped out of a band box.

Another outstanding pioneer of 1882, was John McGuire who opened up the first furniture store in Moosomin, as already mentioned. His sash and door factory, and planing mill were familiar places of wonder for

town and country youngsters of those days, but when the passing years proved that such could not pay their way in a pioneer prairie town, this end of the business had to be abandoned. However, before that happened, John showed the West what he could do in his line, for he specialized in church, school, and lodge-room furnishings. It was McGuirl who got the contracts for the desks and furnishings for the new Legislative Building at Regina, after Lieutenant Governor Dewdney had seen samples of the work John was turning out in Moosomin.

John continued to be a very busy man, for he was a contractor and builder of ability, and also the undertaker for town and district; and in these lines he continued—excepting the undertaking end, which his son James took over—up to the time of his death in 1913.

John was great company; always full of cheer, and with an overflowing fund of colourful little yarns always on tap in the right company. We understand that it was John McGuirl who first introduced that canine form of singing called yodelling to the pioneers ears of our early citizens.

Another '82 homesteader was John Hewgill. After spending the summer of that first year at Brandon, he came back in the spring of '83 and erected a building on South Front Street, where he and his brother Thomas opened a general store. John was the first implement agent in town, representing Harris Son & Co. of Brantford, Ont. He was also one of the first school trustees elected when the Public School was organized here, and subsequently became the first School Inspector, a position he held up to the time of his death which occurred in the fall of 1916 through the overturning of his car as he was returning from his farm south east of town.

The infant Moosomin of 1882 was quite a lusty youngster at the end of that year. It had great hopes and rosy visions, no doubt for the future, and such was very proper and commendable, for without them, no town, or person can live normally if inspiration in spite of frustration is lacking.

We all know that every city, town and hamlet on the face of the earth, has like men, an individual character of its own stamped indelibly on its living atmosphere. Thus while prairie towns, to a casual observer, look so much alike as a flock of crows sitting on a fence; yet, look below the surface, and you will find that they differ, one from the other, just the same as Tom, Dick and Harry do. The town or hamlet may in time become a city, but what we may call its SOUL remains unchangeable to the end.

Moosomin, on the whole, has reason to be thankful for the tolerant spirit with which it was imbued when life first stirred within its borders, and we its citizens have many reasons to congratulate ourselves when we sit in the gloaming, and with closed eyes think back over the long chain of its growing years; their joys and their sorrows; the sowing and the reaping; and finally the harvest thereof to date.

The conclusion is, that if few or any of our early citizens succeeded in realizing to the full their dreams of success in the legendary "Golden West"; we must keep in mind that in spite of some lean years, Moosomin and district never had a complete crop failure; and if few great fortunes materialized, fewer still experienced failure, or that absolute want that depression years brought to so many other towns and districts.

As the strong and always healthy person never knows the true sweet-

ness of the great blessing he enjoys until he is stricken and recovers; neither can any man wallowing in the good things of life appreciate his luck until he has had a taste of some of its bitterness and want as well.

Therefore, looking at things in this light, we cannot help but come to the conclusion that those pioneers of ours did remarkably well, even if none attained the dizzy heights. But did any son of Adam ever realize true contentment and happiness here below? All the saints, sages, records and traditions answer an emphatic "NO."

Sounds like preaching, but we make no apology, because we maintain that every man who passes his sixty-fifth milestone of life, automatically becomes a preacher in effect, whether he knows it or not.

Of those who walked the grassy streets and lanes of Moosomin in 1882, very few of the adults are left. These, and subsequent pioneers are of one mind however in asserting, that, if they had but few and rude comforts in those formative years, they seemed to get more joy out of life then, than the present generation does today, in spite of all the luxuries of present day life. Perhaps because of them is the answer. (Part of it perhaps is, that these old-timers were young then.)

1883 and 1884

Great activity marked the opening of the spring of 1883. Quite a number of the previous year's homesteaders spent the winter at their old homes in the East, but reappeared now with families, farming equipment, and some friends. It was time to roll up their sleeves to begin laying the foundation of civilization in the great open spaces of the old North West Territories; the result of this was to make Moosomin one of the busiest places west of Brandon.

Many new buildings went up, stores and many other business places seemed to mushroom, as it were over night.

That early spring saw no less than seven implement concerns operating in Moosomin; John Hewgill being the first, and John Hind the second in this line. No wonder every old homestead is so generously sprinkled with the unsightly carcasses of dead implements, and it is hard to imagine anything more forlorn than a discarded threshing engine seemingly hiding itself in some weed infested corner, and with rust-riddled body slowly but surely digging its own grave to return to its original elements.

The Pioneer's Friend, The Ox

This was an era of oxen, and we have nothing but very kindly recollections of those ponderous, patient wise animals. Most of our pioneers made their acquaintance as beasts of burden for the first time in Moosomin. As a rule, when the farmer and his yoke of oxen got to understand each other, mutual respect followed as a matter of course: if not, it wasn't the oxen's fault.

Right here we wish to mention the fact, that many enduring romances budded and blossomed while the bachelors of those days drove to and from Moosomin behind their ox teams hitched to the heavy farm wagon, and accompanied by the neighbor's daughter.

Picture to yourself the following setting, and if you won't admit that it is ideal, then, there must be something lacking in your composition, even if you are over ninety.

Kenneth, the young pioneer farmer, opens his eyes on a golden morning in mid-summer—some fifteen or twenty miles from town, out on the great prairie of the then North West Territories. For him, glamor and hope are in the very air; especially as he remembers that this is the day for his trip to Moosomin, and he smiles and even blushes as he recalls that Mary, his neighbor's daughter on the next section, had, the previous evening, shyly expressed a hesitant wish to accompany him on the long trip, for the purpose of trading her butter and eggs at McNaughton's. Ah! remember when you were young, and your cup of happiness overflowed with that mixed delicious sauce of the ages; life, youth, love and hope. This was a country of young people in those days.

Therefore our young friend Ken, jumped out of bed, washed, shaved, and otherwise garnished himself finely; and we must not overlook the fact that he knelt down to the God of his fathers and said his morning prayers, and finally ate his breakfast. Going out, he pulled the wagon-wheels along-side its box, swinging the tongue away. Then, lifting the front of the box, he swung it over the small front wheel first; then over the big hind wheel, and slam, it was in place. The spring seat next, which the wily Ken covered with a light slippery rug; winking at a striped gopher standing on end close by as he adjusted it.

Béhold them on the trail heading for Moosomin at long last; each strangely silent or voicing jerky little sentences that ended in a sigh or a giggle, that seemed to issue on the installment plan, as Mary tried vainly to keep on her own end of that bouncing seat. Ken is thirty or forty pounds heavier, so his end sags badly, causing poor Mary and the slippery rug to slide his way with every lurch of the wagon on that uneven prairie trail—sometimes knocking against the sly Ken with such force that he had to grasp her to save himself from being thrown overboard.

Usually, Ken, when alone, or driving with anybody else, traveled this same trail at the tremendous speed of four to four and a half miles per hour; but on this occasion he allows the oxen tae gang their ain gait. Both hands were free, the jolting became more frequent, and Mary kept coming: until finally Ken's left arm tightened firmly around Mary's slim waist, pulling her even closer, to the great surprise of both, and the amusement of their horned steeds.

Yet it was all very natural. His arm fitted there as if made to measure; and Mary, after a breathless moment, found the cutest resting place for her curly head on Ken's willing shoulder; (a place, if he only knew it, that she had picked out for herself long before that date). That trip to Moosomin was the most momentous in their lives, and today, after fifty years together, they are still lovers in their beautiful old age.

Compare the above setting to that of a young couple of today driving over the same road in a smelly car. A gaseous halo of dust and other abominations follows and surrounds them: the beauties of Nature rush by them unseen, except as a meaningless blur, and unlike the pioneer ox driver whose hands were free and unhampered for more romantic and appropriate purposes; the car driver must have his on his steering wheel: if not? Anyway there is no proper setting for anything resembling romance, for even as the driver's thoughts are adjusting themselves in that direction: bang; a punctured tire, grease and perspiration, a wilted collar, and worse, a wilted romantic inclination.

Surviving old-timers, familiar with conditions during those early

years, will agree that many lives were saved by the sagacity and homing instinct of those pioneer oxen, when sudden snow storms and dangerous blizzards overtook the unfortunate settler far from home. The faint trail is wiped out; everything—above and below—is a confusing chaos that seems to enfold the utterly helpless man, leaving him completely LOST.

Being lost anywhere, even in your own back-yard is a very unpleasant sensation; but lost at night in the dead of winter is worse than anything you ever experienced. With no landmark of any kind during the early years, lost persons were known to have gone around in circles till they succumbed; but the wise settler under such conditions simply allowed his oxen to go where they pleased; sheltering himself on his load to the best of his ability, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred the faithful animals would find their way home safely.

The understanding of those bovine sages of the eighties is illustrated as follows: Long engagements were almost unknown in pioneer days, especially in the Moosomin district, and therefore the young couple we have in mind lived many miles south of Wapella; not that our Moosomin oxen couldn't rise to a similar emergency: in fact, they wouldn't have waited so long.

But to our tale. The young man, Dan, filled all the requirements of a fond lover according to the standards of his generation, but he was woefully slow as a popper of the important question. For almost two years, Dan and Annie were engaged, and during those two years, Dan's big brindle ox team, Buck and Jerry, carried the couple stores of times to and from town and elsewhere: so that they were getting tired of the whole dilatory business—especially as they had to walk two extra miles on each trip—one calling for Annie, and another to leave her at her home.

On this particular day in the late fall, when the chill winds are becoming searching; Dan and Annie are on their way home from Wapella as usual, and also as usual they are absorbed in one another; leaving such prosaic matters as driving, choosing of trails, and getting home entirely to Buck and Jerry: this also as usual.

Very cosy they sat in the deep wagon-box out of the wind under the protection of a well tanned black cow skin. Even if the golden hours flew on angel wings, they knew that they couldn't have arrived home yet, when they became aware that the oxen had stopped. They were also quite unconscious of the fact that the team had branched off the main trail until they stood up and noted their surroundings.

They saw that the oxen were both well and placidly chewing the cud and standing between two buildings—one of which was the parsonage, and the other the little parish church.

The hint was too plain, even for Dan to ignore. With bated breath, he looked into Annie's eyes and saw the dawning of a humorous smile there, as he stammeringly asked the proper question and waited for the space of three endless minutes before the mischievous Annie gave him the proper answer, which they duly sealed with the proper seal, after which Dan walked on air as he rushed into the parsonage, almost knocking the preacher down as both tackled the door from opposite sides. There he gave notice for the banns to be published on the morrow, which happened to be a Sunday; and when in due time the good old-fashioned wedding was over, Annie confided to her new husband that she was sure

she saw Jerry winking at Buck when they saw him jumping over a log that wasn't there, as he rushed for the door of the parsonage.

But, back to Moosomin. As we mentioned before, that year of 1883 was a real busy one in and around the infant town. Many businesses founded then were destined to function for very many years; some of them even to the present day; although other hands than those of the founders are now counting the profits, or—as some say—the reverse.

A drug and stationary business was opened by F. T. Carman, who hailed from Emerson, Manitoba. Carman was a bad "ad" for his line of business; being sickly looking from the start, with one foot already hovering over the brink of the hereafter, a fact that seemed strange for he sold many bottles of medicines of various kinds, each of which was guaranteed in more than one language to cure anything likely or unlikely to affect the human body from its topmost hair to the end of the big toe nail. The poor man lived but a few short years, after which Walter Pennington, of England, acquired the business.

Mr. Pennington's drugs must have been of superior compounding, for he is still to be found at the old stand, and quite spry; being, we understand, longer at the head of the same business than any other druggist in Saskatchewan.

Richard Chappell owned a hardware store on Main Street, but soon sold it to Alex S. Smith, who moved here from Portage la Prairie. Mr. Chappell was town clerk here for a while, but moved to Fleming, where he was in business for a number of years.

Alex Smith was destined to do much for Moosomin in after years, and its citizens have many reasons to revere his memory. He defeated J. R. Neff in the 1898 election, and while the latter was the Assembly member for the Moosomin District for ten years, Alex Smith remained its member—with the exception of one term, when he was ousted by Dr. Ellis, of Fleming—until his untimely death in 1916. Both were good, conscientious men who did their very best for the district as a whole. The A. S. Smith Hardware store is still very much alive; owned and operated by members of his family.

Another citizen of this time that caused a little excitement, and made much "copy" for the local newspaper of that day was J. J. McHugh. In the fall of 1882, the Land Office was removed from Moosomin to Qu'Appelle, and this man was sent here from Souris to look after government interests, which was all right and proper. But McHugh took himself too seriously, and basing his power on his being a Deputy Timber Inspector, he magnified our small poplar growth—including the dead stuff prone on the ground—into TIMBER, with capital letters, and insisted that every settler pay 25 cents per load for the dead wood they used for fuel, even if picked up on their own homesteads; also demanding affidavits showing the number of loads used since coming to the country, claiming 25 cents for each, and an additional 25 cents for each affidavit.

The Canadian born settlers raised such a storm that soon brought his little racket to an end, and also his usefulness, but while a resident, he must have been a prominent citizen, for we find that he alone was the one who privately entertained Lt.-Governor Dewdney when he made his first official visit to Moosomin.

Succeeding him under the Land Department, was E. Brokovski. This man was a combination of many callings: Civil and Mechanical Engin-

eer; Intelligence Officer; Notary; and a J. P. etc., etc. But no one remembers Mr. Brokovski for any of his professional or official callings, but for his odd hobby or custom. During the warm season, this general utility man always rode to the station whenever a passenger train was expected in town. There he would sit his horse in full view of the wondering passengers, as erect and immovable as a stone image, and with a large white helmet on his head. Then, his good deed done for the day, he would amble quietly home.

Brokovski's wife was a Canadian lady, and being a good musician, she was always welcome at social functions in town.

The Crisp family, hailing from Ingersoll, Ontario, arrived about this time too, settling on a farm a few miles to the east of town. It, also, contributed largely to social activities, for the family consisted of several grown sons and two daughters, and having the necessary capital, they acquired a generous slice of land, and started farming on a fairly large scale. Living close to town, it was easy for them to become part of its social life, and later on, one of the daughters, Miss Armour, (half sister) became the wife of R. D. McNaughton, and the other married his partner, Marshall Smith.

Frank G. Lewin, general merchant and insurance man, was another well known figure in the life of the town for over twenty years. Later on, Lewin became general manager of a well known insurance company at Saskatoon, and is now living in retirement in British Columbia. Well groomed, suave and plausible, F. G. could hold his own with the best in many lines.

R. J. Phin, from Guelph, was another 83 settler. Mr. Phin was well equipped to tackle farming problems anywhere, for he had just graduated from a famous Agricultural College, with first class honors, winning the Queen Victoria Gold Medal for that year. During the years Mr. Phin acquired much land to the north of town, at Spring Creek, and at Langbank.

While at Spring Creek, he and Hon. Claude Manners were the President and Secretary of a Cheese Factory they organized there that functioned for some years, but it was obliged to close when it was found that it could not compete at all with the eastern factories. (Yet, they made beautiful rich cheese, for we often had it.) Not content with farming activities as his sole aim in life, he found time to enter politics, and succeeded in becoming the M. L. A. for Pipestone District for several years.

In his spare moments, Mr. Phin became a heavy stock shipper, not only to the North American markets, but to Great Britain as well. After a very full life in such pursuits, Mr. Phin spends his declining years in our old town, but his mind is still working unimpaired, taking great interest in everything related to the welfare of Western Canada, and frequent well written letters from his facile pen regarding such matters are to be found in some of the daily papers.

Other old-timers to the south of town who came in 83 were Harry Watt, John Murray, Wm. V. Harris (Boss Harris), Mr. Summerton, Harry Drinkwater, and Tom Scroggie to mention only a few of the old type settlers surrounding Moosomin in those days, but whose likes are now exceedingly rare.

The name of Tom Scroggie reminds us that during the 90's, Tom operated a large brick-making plant in the Coverdale district, and many of

the brick buildings in town and elsewhere were built from Coverdale brick. The location of the old brick yard is only six or seven miles south east of Moosomin, and it is too bad that some one with some money to spare didn't happen along to revive that industry during all these years. There is an unlimited supply of the purest brick clay in those hills where Tom operated. It is quite free from stones and other foreign matter; while close by, in the same hills, are to be found beautiful fine sand that is so necessary in connection with such work.

A few paragraphs regarding two of the above old-timers, whom we knew well, will not be amiss here. When Harry Watt left his native Aberdeen for the United States, long before this part of the world was opened for settlement, he made the acquaintance of a big English capitalist on the boat coming over. This man had large investments in U. S. railroads, but had no practical experience as to how they operated. So on finding out that his fellow passenger's name was "Watt" he engaged Harry there and then to run one of his locomotives in the States, evidently thinking that a possible descendant of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, must be a rare find indeed; while Harry, who didn't know any more about an engine than the capitalist himself, was quite willing to undertake the job. Matters went so far as to find Harry Watt about to climb into the engine, when somebody, very respectfully, asked him about his former experience as a locomotive engineer. One can well imagine the surprise Harry's answer created, but he didn't get the job.

Old John Murray was a short, sturdy Irishman from New Brunswick, whose real name was McMorrough. John explained the change by saying that there were too many da---nd Scots in the gang with which he worked building the road-bed for the C. P. R. from the east to Moosomin; and so one day they came to the conclusion that an Irishman had no right to the "Mc" part of the name and forthwith rechristened him "John Murray" which stuck for the rest of his life.

John was over fond of whiskey, especially the Irish brand, and he and an old bachelor neighbor used to have great times together whenever John's wife was away, which was fairly often.

On one of these occasions, after the old lads had sampled the supply, it behooved John to water his oxen and get a barrel of water from the spring in the valley of the Pipestone a mile away, but before doing so he decided (as he didn't trust his dear crony) to hide the jug, which he proceeded to do with dispatch and secrecy in a large stone pile. So with a clear conscience he hitched the oxen to the stone-boat and headed for the spring.

But his wiley friend suspected something, and as there was a convenient knot hole in the wall of the shack, he was able to witness the whole thing; with the result that he felt so bad over the lack of trust his friend had shown, that he went to the stone pile and was soon asleep cuddling that jug of temptation in a loving embrace. The host was so disgusted when he got back that he finished the jug, and was soon sleeping peacefully beside his guest. But alas, John forgot to unhitch the team, and soon the patient beasts pulled abreast of where the sleeping beauties were, when the stone-boat heaved as it struck the stone pile, spilling the entire contents of the barrel over the sleepers.

John once sold a load of oat sheaves to Oliver Neff. They were very nice and green, but being quite frozen there wasn't a grain of oats in the whole load. Neff didn't know this till somebody called his attention

to the fact: and so the next time he met Murray in town he accosted him with: "I always thought, John, that you were a good friend of mine, till you sold me that barren load of sheaves: I am surprised at you." To which John gruffly replied, as he pointed a gnarled forefinger upwards, where heaven is supposed to be. "Don't blame me, Mr. Neff, blame the Man above; I gave you the very best He gave me this year."

"Boss" Harris, was another character that would delight the heart of Dickens. Very fussy and aggressive; Harris was a great worker, and his two Moosomin farms; his property in town, and his Pipestone farm gave him plenty of exercise. His Yorkshire or Devonshire speech was peculiar, but all we remember is that he used the word "mun" for "them".

Heretofore, settlement in this district was effected by individual families with an occasional bachelor thrown in, but in 1883 settlers began to arrive in groups. Most of these were assisted settlers, coming chiefly from the British Isles. One group of 47 souls settled to the south of Wapella; being the founders of St. Andrews and Benbecula, the latter being named after their old island home in the outer Hebrides.

Early in May 1884; a larger group containing 240 souls arrived in Moosomin, and camped for two or three weeks in tents north of the track, partly on Main Street and westwards around where the Lunn and Ireton homes now stand.

Most of this group also came from that tiny Hebridean Island of Benbecula and the rest from South Uist; both in Invernesshire, Scotland. After getting equipped with the comparatively simple motive power and farming implements of that era, they scattered over a large area: some joining their friends at St. Andrews, while the rest settled at Riga, Iona, Gordon, Earlswood and Burrows.

Lady Emily Steele Gordon Cathcart, the then owner of their home islands, together with the Canada North West Land Co., joined in giving assistance: \$500.00 to the head of each family, and \$250.00 to each male over 18 years taking up a homestead. After experiencing many and varied discouragements; such as hail, frost and drought, during those early years, they finally succeeded in establishing themselves very comfortably, with a very few exceptions, and later on repaid the monies advanced with interest.

Of numerous incidents connected with these settlements, we will relate a few odd happenings in which certain members of those old pioneers figured.

Holy John and the Sabbath

Holy John lived some fourteen miles south west from Moosomin. One of the gloomy religious men of the old puritanical school, John's face was longer than the average, even on week days; but on Sundays, it seemed to add two extra inches to its solemn length.

On a certain calm and peaceful Sabbath morning in the fall; Rory, John's neighbor was surprised to hear much gid-upping and whoaing coming from the direction of Holy John's homestead. Shading his eyes from the glare of the autumn sun, he was much surprised to see his holy friend ploughing away on the highest point to be found on his land—a spectacle to men and angels—and making more noise than usual on that calm Sabbath morning. An appreciative grin spread over Rory's big face,

as he thought of the many times he saw stern disapproval on John's long face over something he, Rory, had purposely, or unwittingly done, like whistling on the Sabbath, or some such grave breach of holiness and decorum.

Still grinning; Rory slowly dressed himself in his Sunday best, and more slowly advanced in the direction of the Sabbath breaker. Stopping him on a prominent rise, and with a face as solemn as John's own, Rory began to lecture him on his backsliding and lack of respect for the Lord's Holy Sabbath.

The poor man almost fainted, for he thought all the time it was Saturday, a mistake easily made in those pioneer days. He almost skinned the oxen in his hurry to get the harness off, while he remarked in doleful tones. "Thanks dear neighbor; I should have known that the evil one had a hand in the matter for the plow never ran so smoothly, and then, my two pigs, that never failed to follow me in the furrow during each day, never made a move when I came here this morning."

Sandy and the Toothache

Sandy had the toothache. It got so unbearable that he decided to go to Moosomin and get that red-hot molar out. Sandy lived twelve miles west of town and so, one chilly morning he hitched up and headed for relief, calling on his neighbor Malcolm, whom he induced to accompany him in case he needed a friendly shoulder to lean on during, or after the anticipated painful ordeal. To fortify themselves, they had a dram or two, and then another, and perhaps another; the result being that Sandy forgot all about the toothache. By and by, when ready to leave, Sandy observed to his crony. "Hol' hold on Malcolm, didn't one of us come in to have a tooth pulled?" "Su-sure, sure" replied the befogged Malcolm. Well, then, let us go and do it; otherwise your wife and mine will have the laugh on us for the rest of the year." And so the couple entered the doctor's office. In those days any doctor would do, for there were no trimmings attached; a strong arm and a stout pair of pliers were sufficient for the painful operation.

As it was getting late, and the doctor in a hurry, he simply asked "which" and the quicker wifited Sandy's answer was to point at Malcolm's bewhickered jaw, and before that unfortunate knew what was happening, he was led unresisting to a chair, and in a few minutes one of his most useful grinders was being triumphantly exhibited before his dazed eyes.

Donald and His First Car

A pioneer of pioneers was Donald MacDiarmid who died at his winter home in Winnipeg, at the age of 89 less than a year ago. Agent and inspector for Lady Cathcart of Cluny Castle, Aberdeen; Donald explored these parts for the first time in 1882, returning with the first group of settlers in the late spring of 1883. In appearance, Donald was almost an exact twin of Lord Strathcona, and was often taken for that famous man in Winnipeg. Yet in spite of his stately patriarchal appearance, there lurked deep in Donald's eye a humorous imp ever ready to note the funny side of life, even amid solemn scenes approaching life's final transition.

This was illustrated on his death-bed, when his new nurse entered the room. "My dear" said Donald, "can you talk the Gaelic language?" "No, I am sorry to say that I can't" answered the nurse. "In that case my dear" replied Donald; "I am afraid your chances of getting to heaven are very slim indeed."

For very many years, it was Donald's custom to make his weekly trip to town with horse and buggy. Also it was his unfailing habit to water his pony at a certain deep slough in a hollow off the road on his way home. In the course of time, Donald got a new car, and on his first trip home from town—such is the force of habit—Donald, on coming to the point where the old pony usually pricked up its ears and made a dash for the slough, automatically gave the wheel a twist; and before he knew it, his sleek new car was stuck fast in the middle of that heretofore useful pond.

The Two Hebridiens and the Jewish Rabbi

Many years ago, when the insidious bar with its attendant evils, including treating, was enjoying its short lived prosperity in full measure; especially around Christmas and New Year's; two young men, Angus and Neil, living some eight miles west of Moosomin, decided one bright frosty day to go to Wapella, on business and pleasure bent. It was near Christmas anyway, and the boys in their charitable stride called on old Dougall, an old grey-bearded bachelor neighbor, and took him along too.

Arriving in town, friends were found here, there, and everywhere; with the result that a rather hectic day was spent. A very dark night had descended before the boys realized that it was time to start for their homes. This they did in great good humor with themselves and all the rest of the world, but when they were well away, the driver suddenly stopped the team and asked his chum if they hadn't forgotten something. "No, no-not a thing, I have th-the bottle here" answered the other. "Yes, but where is old Dougall?" stammered Angus. Yes, they had forgotten old Dougall entirely; their dear kind old neighbor.

They went back, hunting high and low, but the old man was nowhere to be found. At last, as they were about to resume their way, they glimpsed a man emerging from a dark lane, and as his general outline—long whiskers, shape and all—corresponded with that of their missing friend, they pounced on him, and in spite of some rather strong resistance, the two huskies made short work of bundling him into the sleigh; and with one of them sitting on him, they again headed for home.

The old man was shaking, but he kept very quiet during the trip, until they finally arrived at Dougall's own home. Stopping, they were greatly surprised when their passenger made no move to get out. Striking a match, the now fairly sober Angus exclaimed, "Good Lord, what have we hooked here." The very scared old man, shivering before them, was not old Dougall at all; but an old Jewish Rabbi whose home was many miles north of the town.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts Settlers

Another group of eighteen families hailing from London's East End, in England, also arrived in Moosomin in May 1884. This bunch was also in charge of the Canada North West Land Co., who assisted them jointly

with the Baroness mentioned above. This titled lady organized their emigration to Canada, but although they were better nursed and looked after for some time after their arrival than the Hebridian colonists, their failure as farmers was a foregone conclusion from the start.

Born and bred for generations in the big city; they knew nothing whatever of farming, of animals, or of the many other mysteries connected with farm life; especially life on a virgin prairie farm where everything has to be brought into being from the ground up.

Moreover, their farm allotments were very scrubby and hard to bring under cultivation. Even some of the adults never saw a cow in their lives before they left London; so that we can easily imagine their many difficulties and discouragements when left to fend for themselves in their isolated little colony to the south-east of town on the south side of the Pipestone valley.

A townsman driving by the home of one of these London farmers one day was surprised to see the man of the house standing in a large wooden tub while chopping the family fuel, which precaution, after all, was a very good idea; that is, if the feet were large and the aim poor.

With few exceptions, they drifted into town, where those who could get work resumed their former trades: some making permanent homes where some of their descendants are to be found today.

The following happening is in connection with a member of these settlers.

William and the Cow that Turned into a Mule

It is related that William—a good-natured, red-faced man—once came to Moosomin for the laudable purpose of exchanging a poor milking cow for a more generous one. The exchange being duly made to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, they began to celebrate in the good old fashioned way. (It was a very hot day anyway.) It was a well known fact that William loved his beer dearly, but he had enough sense left towards evening to head for home with the new cow in tow at the tail end of the wagon. But soon, with the gentle rocking, the heat and the potency of the beer, William fell fast asleep.

This happening was expected by two young bachelor farmers who lived along the road, so that their plan to scare and mystify William on his way home was all set when the ox team, the cow and the snoring William approached the heavily bush fringed bend in the trail where they awaited his coming in just such a condition, and their expectations were confirmed.

William, the two joke loving scamps knew, never saw a mule in his one track life; so they borrowed a large grizzly specimen from an old Yankee farmer who then lived the secluded life of a hermit in the Pipestone valley, to the east of the old Beaudin bridge. This mule was old and scabby, with one eye missing, and with a pair of ears so large that he seemed to have difficulty in holding them erect at any time, but when excited.

Finding their man in the desired state, the boys had the cow untied and the monstrous eared mule substituted without loss of time; and without disturbing the placid oxen or the snoring William.

All was serene until they were approaching the bridge, when the mule must have made up his mind that he had gone far enough, but after some

vain tugging—for the rope and oxen were strong—he suddenly laid back his ears and began splitting the atmosphere with such he-hawing that all the sleeping echos answered, till the whole dark valley was overflowing with the unearthly noise. It was enough to waken the dead, and it did awaken William with a vengeance. William looked; his staring eyes almost popped out of his head, and every hair on his cranium reached for the sky; for, of all the nightmares he ever saw—sleeping or waking—this was the worst. Failing to break the rope, the mule had by this time sat, down; with his forefeet braced, his mouth open, and was emitting a string of blood-curdling he-haws: added to which were his monstrous ears and his wicked glaring eye, as he was being forcibly pulled sitting down like a “grizzly giant-ound (as William said later) out of ‘ell.”

One look was more than enough. William, quite sober now, never knew how he left the wagon and the team as he found himself laboring up the steep south bank of the Pipestone close to his home.

Luckily the mule broke loose soon after William left his charges to their fate, while the oxen at their own slow gait followed in the footsteps of their master; arriving home safely half an hour later. William was more mystified when he found his wife milking the new cow (which the boys had delivered by a short cut through the bush).

His wife wisely kept her own counsel, although she knew more about her mate’s nightmish experience than he did. So far as William himself was concerned, his only remark was. “Blimy, it was worse than seeing snakes; I” ~~eat~~ my ‘at, if it wasn’t.” Did William quit drinking, or didn’t he? That is the question

By the middle of the eighties, Moosomin’s growing pains were easing for a time. Most of the buildings erected before then were of a temporary kind, usually with rather imposing false fronts, looking, when viewed as a whole, for all the world, like foxes wearing the heads of lions.

A few plank sidewalks were to be found on parts of Main Street, and in front of the other more important places of business. Sloughs of water (not overclean) were plentiful in town, with the result that one had to walk very circumspectively on a dark night. There was more than one, even on Main Street, one of which is mentioned in the following item taken from the “Courier,” the grandfather of the present “World-Spectator,” of the year 1885. Quote (as the radio says), “What you can’t see on South Main Street is not worth looking after. The latest sensation was the washing of a Jew in the slough between the Lake House and the Queens Hotel.”

Before the end of the eighties, Moosomin had a population of almost 800 souls; but, as already mentioned, the buildings—including those on Main Street—were all composed of lumber, thus making them regular fire traps.

The fire, of incendiary origin, came in 1890, wiping out nearly all the buildings on the east side of Main Street. The old Queen’s Hotel (the original Crawford House) was being moved away to make room for the new building when night overtook the movers; leaving the building out on the street, close to the east side. A brisk wind was blowing from the east that night, making it ideal for whoever was guilty of arson in connection with that discarded hotel. It may have been spontaneous

combustion caused by the potent and angry spirit fumes that still lurked in its timbers.

Whatever the cause, no one was ever brought to book for the crime, and later on, when carpenters, bricklayers and stonemasons were busy erecting more permanent structures, it is almost certain that instead of wanting to penalize the culprit, those busy tradesmen and their helpers were more likely to vote for the erection of a nice monument in his honor, as the Chicagoans did to Mrs. O'Leary's cow.

By the fall of 1884, there were in Moosomin the following business places, and nearly all of them as busy as beavers:—5 general stores, 5 hotels, 3 boarding houses, 2 livery stables, 3 feed stables, 9 implement agencies, 2 blacksmiths, 4 builders, 2 watchmakers, 1 shoemaker, 2 bakers, 1 drug store, 3 physicians, 1 lawyer, 2 notaries, 2 stationers, 1 furniture store, 1 planing mill, 1 barber, 3 laundries, 1 butcher, and 1 printing office.

As already mentioned, all roads led to Moosomin in those days, and all sorts and conditions of men were to be found on its streets and the surrounding farms. Remittance men from England were plentiful in the district; every English farmer had at least one of them; their usual status being that between glorified chore-boys and lucrative little gold mines; for instead of getting paid for their work by the farmers, they paid the farmers for tuition in the gentle art of farming in the Wild and Wooly West. Some of these were bold adventurers ready for anything, but the great majority were younger sons and other brands of misfits in their old homes.

Very few of this class of immigrant ever became much of an asset to the country of their adoption as farmers; but at the same time they were useful while they lasted, for their money helped materially in developing the district.

Scions of the so called blue-blooded aristocratic families of England were to be found in overalls and otherwise here for many years. In connection with this blue-blood question; we remember, while grading the Pipestone hill on the old Moose Mountain trail, one of those blue-bloodes was in the gang and happening to cut his finger badly, a gawky hill-billy type of youngster ran over and gazed open-mouthed at the dripping digit, remarking with disgust on his face "Shucks! It's just as red as mine."

To mention a few, there were Hon. Claude Manners, a nephew of the Duke of Rutland; George Stratton, a nephew of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, a member of the great Gladstone's cabinet; while in town here practicing law was Bertram Tennyson, Q.C., a nephew of the great poet, Lord Tennyson. While living in Moosomin, Mr. Tennyson wrote and published a small book of his own, a copy of which is before me as I write this. The title of the little volume is "The Land of Napioa, and other Essays in Prose and Verse." It was printed right here in 1896, by the "Spectator Printing and Publishing Co." Although somewhat dry and labored in spots, it contains some good meaty material, but above all, it shows that its author—in spite of a stand-offish cold-looking exterior—was really a tender-hearted sensitive soul, as easily seen from the following, which is included in his "Over the Ridge of the World." The first sentences refer to a solitary walk he took north of town near the old mill prior to his leaving on a trip over the Rocky Mountains. "Spring came tardily this year of Grace 1893, after a long, hard winter"

he writes: "On Sunday, the 7th of May, there was little sign of green grass as I strolled past the mill, which lay gasping in great slow breaths as if it panted after the exertion of the past week. In the little tree clumps north of the town the willow buds were just beginning to sprout, and I stretched out my hand to pluck one, but drew it back again, unwilling to break the promise of a single blossom after so many months of sterility." A beautiful, tender thought, well worth passing on.

Rebellion Year--1885

"Rebellion year," as the year 1885 is generally known, found Moosomin taking a conspicuous part in that trouble. Major Boulton, at that time a resident of Binscarth, Man., organized what was known as "Boulton's Scouts." This troop was equipped at Moosomin, and many of the young men in town and district joined up with the corps and went through that first, and, let us hope, the last war in which civilized people fought in what is now the Province of Saskatchewan.

Those of us who were old enough during those exciting days have vivid recollections of the awful suspense under which we lived at that time; especially the scattered homesteaders and their families, and more particularly those of us living right in the path of any hostile movement on the part of the Moose Mountain Indians; if, as frequently rumored, they intended to join their warring brethren in the North.

Some of those rumors had good foundations too; for Riel's emissaries were busy trying to overcome their reluctance (mainly confined to the older men) to join. They were about to succeed too, when it is said that Captain Pierce, of Cannington Manor, threw the "monkey-wrench" into their machinations, spoiling the intended deflection.

The Pierce family, living close to "White Bear's" Indian Reserve, knew the Indians and their customs well, and when two strange Indians called at their house one day they were offered food and tobacco (according to family custom). They took the food but refused the tobacco; which sign of hostility was well understood by the Pierce boys, who acted as hosts. A message was sent to the captain, apprising him of the two strange Indians who refused to smoke with the boys. Entering the room, the captain took out his pipe and offered them tobacco, which they again refused. Certain now that the strangers were enemies, Captain Pierce ordered them to smoke as he took his station between them and the door. They had to comply, and immediately one of the captain's sons went out and motioned a group of Reserve Indians standing by, to come and look, and when they saw the two Riel "Runners" smoking the "Pipe of Peace" with the "White Chief" they returned to their Reserve peaceably.

It is a dark mystery how those rumors circulated so quickly; for there were no facilities to do so as we know them today; yet horrible news found their way into each solitary home, kindling fear in many hearts, but fortunately nothing of any consequence happened at all in the Moosomin district.

Yet everybody was uneasy, and more or less scared, and for very good reasons when we consider from this distance what might have been, and could easily be a terrible sanguinary affair; IF?

During that year Indians of every terrible shape and form were the

subject of our daily and nightly dreams, and proved ideal for pet nightmares.

We remember an instance that winter of two old neighbors rushing home from the bush where they had gone for loads of firewood, and yelling that they saw several Indians creeping towards them from the other side of that bluff, and that each of them was armed with a long, black gun. But on being induced to return with others to investigate, it was found to their chagrin that the enemy consisted of half a dozen charred stumps, their short black limbs forming at a distance fair outlines of Indian warriors taking aim.

Until this exciting year of 1885; all natives were at liberty to wander away from their reserves whenever they pleased, and being nomads by nature, many of them were on the go the greater part of the year. Hunting parties used to roam this district during the earlier stages of winter, especially along the Pipestone valley, where deer were fairly plentiful in those days. Some of the Indian hunting disguises were cunningly designed; especially the extremities. The head covering had imitation horns and other animal contours while the proper place was decorated with a serviceable tail; the whole such a good imitation that the poor deer never knew that the thing approaching was not one of themselves.

Imagine meeting one or more of those grisly hunters at night during that hectic winter of 1885; horns, tail and all making it impossible to decide whether they were what they pretended to be, or, when standing erect, whether they were satanic strays from the nether world.

It was very noticeable during that year, that the natives were far bolder than usual, and seemed to find pleasure in scaring the settler's families if the men happened to be away; their ancient trails, as already noted, passed through Moosomin and some of our settlements in those days.

When the rebellion came to an end, a great collective sigh of relief was heaved as from one breast all over the land, and heart-felt prayers of thankfulness ascended to the God of peace and brotherly love; and here's hoping that the mistakes which led to the outbreak, and all the blood spilt will be the last blot on the fair face of this Canada of ours.

After the trouble, the Boulton Scouts were disbanded in Moosomin, and horses and equipment were sold by public auction in town.

There was no lack of moisture in 1885. Thunder storms and twenty-four hour rains were frequent; with the result that the growth was extra heavy. Out in our Earlswood district it was the first crop (with the exception of potatoes the previous year) and it was beautiful, all of course, from double ploughed new land. It was indeed beautiful, and the hearts of the settlers were glad and thankful; but alas, one afternoon early in August, the worst hail storm we ever saw swept the settlement, leaving our beautiful crops—the result of two years' hard work—an unsightly tangled mess in less than twenty minutes.

But did those hardy old-timers start blaming the new country, or did they sit down with folded hands bemoaning their fate? Not they! and their usual remarks under stress are worth passing along. Here they are: "Toil Dhe ga robh deante; cha n'eil air a chruaidh florstan ach an cruaidh chosnadh." Translated freely it means: "God's will be done, the cure for misfortune is harder work and perseverance."

And, generally speaking, this rule of life and attitude applied to all that generation of pioneers."

Moosomin and Education

From the very beginning, Moosomin was noted for its educational facilities. The parents of the comparatively few children living here at the end of 1882 realized the necessity of providing the means for starting or continuing the education of their children. Therefore arrangements were made by public subscription to open what might be termed a sort of private public school, which was accomplished in 1883, and conducted by a lady of the name of Mrs. Hughes. There were also strictly private schools conducted by Mrs. John Hewgill and a Miss Davitt.

These arrangements were found satisfactory for a short time, but as the population began to increase schooling facilities were soon found to be inadequate, and a general meeting was held at which it was decided to erect a general purpose building to be used as a schoolhouse during the week, and to be open for religious services on Sundays for all denominations. A general subscription was resorted to again on this understanding and the building went ahead and was partly finished.

This laudable plan didn't quite succeed, for the subscriptions fell short of the amount necessary to complete the building, and there was no other recourse but to borrow the money. This they did from the Church Building fund of the Presbyterian Church, with the result that the building soon fell into their hands. However, it was used as a school during part of 1883, and the whole of 1884, with Mrs. Hughes as teacher.

The School Ordinance enacted by the North West Assembly was taken advantage of shortly after the passing of the Act, and a School District was formed. An election was held February 2nd, 1885, for the election of Public School Trustees for the first time in the life of Moosomin. Those elected were Joseph Daniel, John Hewgill and Neil G. McCallum. A building was erected costing the great sum of \$1000.00, and Thomas Dickie, a farmer living near the Pipestone, but also a qualified teacher, was put in charge. (One could find anything on a farm in those days from a lord's son to a decent living).

This building was 30x50, one storey, with a porch entrance and bell tower. Like every advancing step taken since man first appeared upon this earth; there were critical wiseacres present here then who bitterly blamed the trustees for their awful extravagance regarding the cost and size of the new school, and claiming that a far smaller and cheaper building would meet all requirements for many years to come. But what really happened was that development was so rapid that it was found necessary less than a year later to provide two additional rooms, so that an addition was built 30x60, two storeys, the two lower rooms being used for school purposes and the upper rooms for church and other public gatherings. The second teacher engaged was the late J. K. McInnes, who later moved to Regina, and still later became that city's Mayor and one of its prominent citizens. By the way, it not generally known that J. K.'s coming here was owing to a peculiar mistake. It happened that there were two J. K. McInnes's living at Fortage la Prairie and it was the other J. K. who applied for the school and, being accepted, he was notified, but the letter was received by the other man, who was also a teacher then and looking for a change, so he came. The late A. H. Smith—who founded and edited the "Spectator" for many years—succeeded J. K. as principal of the school, and was followed by Chas. H. Lee, subsequently a professor in Manitoba Agricultural College, and a brother of the late Wm. Lee, a much respected old-timer of the town and district. Lee was

succeeded by Charles Dunning, and much as we would like to claim that he is the present Minister of Finance for the whole of Canada, truth compels us to admit that he is not the man.

In the year 1900 it was found that the buildings above described were inadequate to care for the rapidly increasing attendance, so in that year six rooms of the present school building were constructed, and yet within two years it was found necessary to add two more rooms, which comprises the Public School building with eight rooms as it stands today—being the summer of 1938. During the years from the early 90's down to the time the Collegiate Institute was built, High School subjects were taught in the Public School.



Moosomin Public School

On July 19th, 1907, the High School District was formed, and S. A. Snell, later Dr. Snell, Inspector of High Schools, and later still Superintendent of Schools at Saskatoon, followed Mr. Dunning in 1906. He was succeeded by E. B. Smith in 1908, whose principalship lasted till June 1910.

By this time the growing demands for Secondary Education resulted in the erection of the fine looking brick building occupying a conspicuous site to the south of the town. The corner stone bears the date 1909, and possession was taken on New Year's Day 1910. The first principal to succeed Mr. Smith in the new building was George D. Ralston, who occupied the position from September 1910, to June 1913. He was followed by J. P. Cowles, 1913-14; R. D. Stoddart, 1915 to end of 1917; F. W. French from January to June 1918, and Gordon Churchill, who took over the work in September 1918, and was its efficient Principal to the time of his untimely death in 1929. After Mr. Churchill's death, John MacLeod, M. A., of Glasgow University, was appointed Principal, a position he still holds, and let us add in passing, that the great success of the Collegiate Institute during the last decade owes the lion's share to John MacLeod; the man from the misty Isle of Lewis, in the far-off Hebrides.

It is also interesting to note the increase in the number of students. The records for June 1909, show an enrollment of 95 students, June 1914, 114, and June 1923, an enrollment of 176.

The Public School and its teachers also, were, and are now second to none in the Province. There were many outstanding principals who left

their mark, not physically, but mentally on the minds of the many generations of pupils passing through their hands during the long years since it was founded; and the present principal, John A. MacPherson, and his assistants are ably upholding the high standard set by their predecessors.

Our Public School therefore was in a position to provide good bright material for the more advanced tuition and culture to be found in the Collegiate Institute.



Moosomin Collegiate Institute

The following ex-students of Moosomin served during the World War, of whom several received decorations, while one—Harry Mullin—won the Victoria Cross, the highest decoration for valor. Names designated thus (x) made the Supreme Sacrifice for their country's sake. (This was the war that was to end all wars and make the world safe for future generations?)

Names:—Harry Mullin, V. C., M. M.; J. Maurice Ireton, R. D. Millar (x), Allan Millar, F. Montgomery, Roy Mullin (x), Gerald Murphy, J. W. Montgomery (x), Ernest McLeod, Alex McLoughry, R. R. McKennitt, J. L. McKennitt, Harry Neville, Charles Phin, M. M.; W. J. Patterson, Art Richards (x), Albert Roche, Carl Stewart, Meno Stewart (x), Grant Smith, E. F. Andrews (x), Stanley Bayles, M. M. (x); Chas. Brown, Sid Bayles, Guy Bridges, Gilbert Bennet, Dave Barton, Harold Cooper, Robt. Campbell, George Carter, M. M.; W. Chester, Geoff. Castleden, S. F. Cooper, A. Elmore, N. Endicott, W. Ferguson, C. M. G. Farrell, D. F. C. H. Green, Tony Hart (x), Jas. Hart, E. C. Sime, S. F. Smith, H. Shaw (x); C. Mont. Smithers (x), Alfred Smithers, Tom Taylor, M. C. (x); Harry Tooke, M. M.; King Taylor, Cliff Towill, Geo. Warner, J. Wells, B. Williscroft (x), J. Wilde, Geo. Wilson, C. Yeoward, Neil Boyles, M. Anderson (x), M. Kaake, M. McCracken, R. Sime, C. A. Sharpe, Bert Boyles, C. Bridges, H. Castleden, Geo. Campbell, A. E. Laycock, Angus McDonald, Geo. Phin, Claude Pennington, Arthur Spooner (x), Hales Barton, M. M.; H. V. S. Page, D. Mossman, J. F. Edwards, H. Galbraith

Of these young men in the full flower of manhood, fourteen were killed; and on many others it left physical scars, and on all who went through the carnage, mental scars, that nothing in this world can wash away.

We venture to say that a larger percentage of students educated in our Moosomin schools has gone to universities, not only in Saskatchewan but in other parts of Canada, and graduated, than from any other town its size in Western Canada. Some of them are to be found as experts in their respective professions in many parts of the world. Outstanding are two of our pioneer students, namely:--Major General Andrew G. L. McNaughton, formerly Chief of Staff of the Canadian Forces, and now head of the National Research Council of Canada. Born in Moosomin, the son of the pioneer merchant, R. D. McNaughton, he received the foundation of his education here, and graduated in Science and Engineering from McGill University. His important life saving new barrage system while on active service brought his name very much to the fore. The other is General Constantine, Adjutant General of the Canadian Army, with headquarters at Ottawa. He, too, is an old Moosomin boy, his father being Captain Constantine, who headed the Mounties in pioneer days.

By the way, the following will be of interest regarding the fame of Moosomin as the nursery of men holding responsible positions in the life of Canada today.

When Gordon Truscott was a student at Military College, Kingston, some years ago, he and his fellow students were rigidly standing at attention for inspection. The Commandant appeared and passed along in front asking the usual stock questions. The answers didn't appear to interest him until he came to Gordon. "Name?" "Truscott, Sir." "Where from?" "Moosomin, Sir." "Step out one pace, please." The inspection over, the Commandant shook hands with Gordon, and began questioning him about old-timers in Moosomin, naming several. "Why, I used to be a Moosomin man myself." The Commandant was Sir Archibald MacDonnell, once stationed here as a captain of the R. C. M. P. Some years ago he visited Moosomin and gave an address before the Canadian Club. The next year Gordon had the same kind of experience when Commandant Constantine, on hearing his name and home town, made him step out and enquired about his old school chums in Moosomin. His father was Captain Constantine, who lived here for some years as head of the Mounties, and who later became famous for enforcing law and order in the Klondike during the gold rush fever in the late nineties.

Naturally the Moosomin student experienced much teasing on account of these intimate contacts with the "big shots" from Moosomin, while he insisted that Moosomin was the best hot-bed for raising generals and such material in the whole of Canada. Later on they had to believe him when the Commander of the whole Canadian Army made the inspection, and on hearing the magic word "Moosomin", Gordon was again made to step out and be eagerly questioned by General McNaughton. "The dear old town where I was born," he exclaimed, while the rest of the students proceeded to swallow their adem's-apples, this being the only sight allowed for expressing wonder on inspection parade.

List of Moosomin Students that Graduated from Universities and Elsewhere

In spite of diligent enquiries, a list of this nature can not be made without several mistakes. Families move away and are lost in the stream of life that flows in every direction. Therefore, if any omissions occur, or mistakes made, regarding rating or vocation, the fault or oversight must be considered to be far from intentional.

MEDICINE—Murray McNaughton, George Roy, Ted Gross, Archie MacGregor, Angus MacDonald, Wilbert Whyte, J. D. Hilts and Duncan MacKenzie.

LAW—Wm. Jopp, B. A.; Tom Lynd, Wallace Lynd, H. H. Towill, B. A.; C. J. Towill, Robt. Campbell, Jas. Hart, Sidney Bayles, B. A.; Bert Keown, John Phin, B. A.; Wm. Montgomery; Mattie Boyles, D. A. MacKenzie, L. L. B.; D. W. Mundell, L. L. B.; Bob Donald, B. A.; G. C. Neff, B. A.; and Carl Stewart, L. L. B.

ARTS—Stella Hamilton, B. A.; Geo. A. Whiting, B. A.; Willie Waines, M. A.; Geoffrey Buck, M. A.; Willie McCracken, B. A.; Irene Easton, B. A.; Beatrice Shuart, B. A.; Myrtle Truscott, B. A.; Mildred Mundell, B. A.; Margaret Mundell, B. A.; Eleanor McCurdy, B. A.; Joy Frith, B. A. and Margaret J. MacKinnon, B. A.

SCIENCE, Etc.—A. G. L. McNaughton, C. E., B. Sc.; Maurice Ireton, B. Sc.; Howard Douglas, B. Sc.; Cecil Douglas, B. Sc.; Gordon Truscott, B. Sc.; Maurice McCurdy, B. A. S.; Edwin McCurdy, B. S. A.; Phyllis Ferg, B. Sc.; George Warner, C. E.

DENTAL—Albert Phin, Clarence Endicott, Philip Cooke, Sinclair Jamieson.

PHARMACY—Leroy Pennington, Kathleen Wright, Hubert Wright.

REGISTERED NURSES—Gertrude McMullen, Margaret Sarvis, Laura Rainey, Pearl Kaiser, Clarice Smith, Beatrice Palmer, Dorothy Gabb, Laurine Joll, Melba Stutt, Edith Orton, Inez Bretz, Elsie McCrea, Kathleen Simpson, Donalda Simpson, Georgina Sim, Agnes McCurdy, Eltha Morrow, Wilma Foster, Olive Bearance, Helen Wilson, Kathleen Glass, Doris Rawson, Kathleen Simpson, Emily Richards, Frances Hewgill, Margaret MacDonald, Isobel MacKinnon, Pearl Elmore and Ruth Elmore.

The following are still attending universities or other seats of learning at this date, being the autumn of 1938: Fred Sharp, Military College; Harold Chestnut, Medicine; Wilfred Truscott, Law; Dorothy Allison, Med. Technology; Peggy Procter, Arts; Jas. F. Whiting, Metallurgical Engineering; Ian MacSween, Divinity; Rex Virtue, Petroleum Res.

Who Won the Great War?

This question used to hit us between the eyes for a great many years after the last shot was fired, and even now, twenty years later, there are many who are still doubtful. The real truth of the matter is, that every one concerned lost, and lost badly, when we consider the many gallant men in the flower of youth and strength who gave their lives to save the world for democracy and end war forever.

What a delusion! for even as we write this, and while their young ravaged bodies are still fattening the fields of Flanders, another young crop in the flower of youth is ripening for the god of war to garner, for

the unchristian overbearing dictators of Europe are at this very moment brandishing their swords with one hand, while holding a blazing torch in the other, as they swagger in the narrowing lane between immense mountains of most sensitive explosives.

On a basis of population, Moosomin contributed more than any town of its size in these parts to the fighting forces during the great war. Of these men sixty lost their lives, and many of those that returned are scarred physically and mentally as a result of their experiences. Judging from the sample on top of our monument, they were sturdy men and hard as nails, but we know that not one of them was as black as that fellow.



Moosomin's War Memorial

We also think that those grinning guns squatting around the monument, would look far better at the bottom of a very deep hole, than where they are, as they have outlived their usefulness long ago.

The monument that Moosomin erected to the memory of its dead warriors is symbolical and appropriate in every way—even if the man on top might pass for a cousin of Joe Louis. The inscriptions and names are shown in shining raised letters on the exceedingly hard dark brown stone composing the body of the monument; the said inscriptions and names being as follows:—

**SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE OF MOOSOMIN AND DISTRICT WHO DIED IN THE GREAT WAR
1914 --- 1918**

M. Anderson	A. L. Hart	J. Playfair
E. F. Andrews	G. M. Hughes	S. Perry
R. Barrie	R. H. C. Jenkins	H. C. Powell-Chandler
S. S. Bayles	G. Jepson	R. C. Price
A. E. Beaton	G. Lane	R. Reid
A. S. Boffin	J. F. Lindsay	C. Renwick
W. J. Brayley	G. Lewis	J. P. Rabnett
R. Campbell	W. L. Machell	A. W. Richards
W. Campbell	W. Mason	E. Robinson
W. Canning	R. D. Millar	R. A. Sharp
R. Champion	T. Milne	H. Shaw
W. G. Clarke	E. R. Mitchell	C. M. Smithers
F. A. Clark	J. W. Montgomery	A. B. Spooner
G. S. Coker	R. Mullen	M. R. Stewart
H. W. Cooper	D. Mundell	A. W. Tanner
M. B. Duquette	P. McDonald	T. W. Taylor
R. A. Fisher	R. McDougall	E. B. Ward
J. Faulkner	J. McLeod	J. Wark
A. B. Gilchrist	C. B. Nicholl	W. B. Williscroft.
F. C. Gillen	W. G. Ogilvie	F. N. Young

**TO YOU FROM FALLING HANDS WE THROW THE TORCH
BE YOURS TO HOLD IT HIGH**

VIMY

YPRES

Fought in the South African War

Living in Moosomin at the present time are the following (there may be others) who took part in the Boer war, nearly forty years ago. James McGuirl, O. E. Bell, Graham Kerr, and Archie Blyth, the latter with the Imperials.

Locations of Our Early Business Places

It is almost impossible at this late date to reconstruct a correct mental picture of early Moosomin and its business places. There can be no mistake about some of them, those that took root and stayed for many years where they were planted, some of them even to the present day; but the majority were moving and changing, not only their business locations, but often the nature of the business as well. Thus, you were apt to find on occasion that the doctor had turned preacher; the butcher a hotel keeper; the carpenter a storekeeper; the storekeeper a carpenter, and all these transformations might have occurred over night.

Moreover, it often happens in pioneer communities, that a certain

class of men in new surroundings will undertake ventures for which they are not fitted, either by experience or temperament, with the result that they are here today and elsewhere tomorrow. Then there are those optimistic fellows who were near-failures in all their former undertakings through lack of perseverance and always seeing greener pastures in the distance which they are bound to seek sooner or later.

However, starting on the west side of Main Street from the corner on which the Bank of Commerce now stands, we could find in the eighties the following pioneers—some a little mixed perhaps, but that is their fault.

Carroll Maulson and Co., General Merchants; St. Godard's, Shaving Parlour; D. H. McCallum's Livery and Feed Stable; Joseph M. White, Jeweller; Lewin and Co., General Store; Archie York, Butcher, (By the way, the following is a sample of York's Ad. in the "Courier" of that day: "Fruits and Confectionery, Apples and Honey, Pigs and Poultry"). Next was Clyde Saloon; Geo. Morrison, Shoemaker; Moosomin Trading Co., General Store (O. Neff in charge); John Smithers, Harness, etc.; J. Booth's stable; Tash Struthers, Trapper, (where prayer meetings, etc., used to be held); Wm. White, Q. C., owned the corner where his block was erected later on. On East Main Street, starting where the Queen's Hotel now stands, was the Crawford House; Prentiss's Barber Shop and Billiards and Pool; Wm. Johnson's Law Office; Dr. Rutledge's Office; Wesbrook and Fairchild, Implements; Mrs. Hamilton, Millinery; Harry Smith, Butcher Shop; Lake House, and L. Perry, Boarding House. Then on South Front Street and east from the Queens was the Grosvenor Hotel, a Barber Shop; the old Post Office; McNaughton's Store, and across the street from it was jolly bewhiskered Dr. Harris's house. The old Doctor, Veterinary, was an arresting figure with his military bearing, his shiny derby hat, and his fondness for sports. East and south from the doctor lived John McGuirl surrounded by the many buildings housing his planing and furniture mills and other lines handled in those good old days.

On South Front Street West were to be found Hewgill's Implement Store; Jim Inglis, Butcher Shop; A. Bell, Implements; John McCurdy's Machine and Blacksmith shops. South from this on Gordon Street were Dunn's stable, and Mrs. Hind's home and Millinery shop. Across at the corner where the Grand Hotel subsequently stood, was the Harris house, where meals at all hours, board and rooms could be obtained in those days. Across the track, where the livery barn now stands, or near it, stood the Ontario House kept by Harry Ireton; and we almost forgot to mention the Moosomin House, another boarding place which stood and functioned where it stands today as part of the McNaughton holdings, and being the meek silent little building you pass between their store and Tom Carter's house. Of course there were other places of business scattered here and there, but the above were in the central part of the town.

Some of the scattered ones, most of them forgotten, were the following:- W. G. Williams, Jeweller; John S. Carson, Blacksmith; Cook Bros., General Jobbers and Freighters; Birtle and Shell River Stage; A. G. Hamilton, Manager. This Stage and Transportation Co. carried mail, passengers and freight to various points in the Moose Mountain country, even as far as the United States boundary. To the districts north and north-west of Moosomin it also went, leaving here every Friday morning

at 6 p. m. "Montreal and York Colony and all points north west": as the old Ad. in the local paper had it at the time. What happened to those places, as we never hear of them now? Some forgotten business men that used to be here were: R. J. Noble, Tailor; Brydon and McIntosh, Musical Instruments, Sewing Machines, Patterns and Periodicals; T. B. McAlpine, Grocer and Baker; Galloway Stable, Inglis and Smith, Props.; J. Minnie, Painter; A. H. Richards, Boot and Shoemaker; Miss Tilla Carroll, Music, Singing and Language teacher; Emmanuel and Dixon, Jobbing and Freighting.

These are a few only and are mentioned for the sole purpose of testing our old-timers memories.

Around 1885, Tom Gillman ran the Queen's Hotel; Geo. McKennit, the Lake House; while Brown and McCorkell functioned in Booth Livery Stable, where they had horses, ponies, oxen, cows and sheep for sale.

The following four items from the local paper of 1885, opens a tiny peep hole for us to glance at the Moosomin of yester-year, while one reveals very clearly that the old town was not a bit shy in asserting its claims to a place in the world of trade and commerce. Item 1, "Moosomin and Coal Harbor are the two principal points of interest on the line of the C. P. R. Neither are incorporated. Moosomin claims to be the best Agricultural point on the line, while Coal Harbor, claims to be 800 to 1000 miles nearer Liverpool and the Eastern Markets than any sea-port on the Pacific coast, but Moosomin is 48 hours ahead of it going east."

Item 2. "A number of Red River Carts have arrived at this station from the east. They are for the Indian Reservations in the North."

Item 3. "All the wells are dry in town. Melting snow is the order of the day, or pay 25 cents a load for water."

Item 4. "John McCurdy can build a Portland Cutter that will draw a pretty girl any distance. Now is your chance boys."

Our D. D. D.'s or Doctors, Dentists and Druggists.

Many physicians called Moosomin "Home" during the past half century, plus some odd years since the first tiny tent village was erected, and almost every one of them was a credit to that great profession. We have already said something about Dr. Rutledge, the genial medicine-man who first practiced here and spent more than twenty years of his life in Moosomin.

We also have pleasant personal recollections of Dr. Carter, who practiced in town for a number of years, and who died here at a comparatively early age. In the eighties, Dr. Craig was here for a time, also Dr. Scott, a dark funereal looking man with a mournful countenance. Both these kept Drug Stores too. Then there was Dr. Stevenson, who we understand was also an ordained minister of the Gospel. We also remember that Dr. Elliott, who died not long ago at Wolseley, and was a prominent figure there for many years, spent some time in Moosomin. Then in more recent years were Doctors McLaren, a pleasant genial man: rather fond of operations; Tanner, who was Mayor for four years, enlisted early in the Great War and was killed overseas; Wark, one of the most successful doctors in the entire west, and said to have had the largest practice in these parts. He too enlisted, and returned home from the wars, but his experiences there undermined his health to such an extent that he died soon afterwards. A Dr. McKee from somewhere functioned here

while our own doctors were overseas, as also did Dr. MacKinnon (a brother of the well known Rev. Murdoch, then Presbyterian minister of Knox church, Regina) who took Dr. Tanner's practice here, but after a short stay he went to Boston, where his line as a specialist was more in demand.

Also we remember—a little out of place—that Dr. Bird, later of Whitewood, practiced here for a time during the middle eighties. Dr. Millar, now of Prince Albert, practiced here with Dr. Wark before the Great War disrupted everything orderly and normal. We think they are all here, with the possible exception of one or two who may be included in the transient class; and to bring the medical record up to date, we must include the present-members of the profession practicing here at the present time, and have for very many years. They are in alphabetical order:- Doctors Chestnut, Ferg and Young, and long may they live. (It is wise to talk softly and circumspectly when referring to our medicine men you know, for sooner or later one of them is bound to overtake you, no matter how fast you run.)

We often hear complaints about doctors fees being excessive in this part of the world. They are high in a comparative sense based on pioneer days charges; but we must consider that some of the ills and diseases so common nowadays were then quite unknown and many of their complicated latin names not yet invented.

There were no trimmings, or coddling by doctors or beautiful nurses in those days when a man became ill, and many of the treatments were the very opposite of what they are today. If a man ceased to eat heartily he was considered to be beyond redemption by the old people. Windows were religiously sealed under every condition, and hot applications were generously used where ice is used today, and it wouldn't be surprising if in another fifty years the doctors themselves may be obliged to swallow all the medicine as a precautionary measure.

But seriously speaking, the services of a good conscientious christian doctor can never be paid for in this world, and we must also bear in mind, that a doctor's life is always subject to danger and strain day and night. Moreover they are far too often in contact with the sad and cloudy side of life, and the stubborn patients of both pioneer and present day doctors, did, and always will persist in dying sooner or later, in spite of everything or anything that the physician can do to prevent it.

It is a common saying when referring to the mentally weak, to describe such a person as "not being all there". In a comparative sense, the patients of our early doctors were, literally speaking, "all there" for every one of them carried their appendixes and tonsils with the rest of their baggage.

The subject of our Dentists can be more easily handled than that of the physicians; in fact, the latter did all the necessary pulling of teeth during the very early pioneer years.

Our very first dentist is still with us, and looking good enough to last for another generation at least. Dr. Lorenzo Dow Keown, is a veritable landmark, if not an institution in his line in the West; reminding one of Tennyson's "Brook", for dentists come and dentists go, but he goes on for ever.

There is a record, or rather a legend, that the explorer Alexander Mackenzie, once upon a time, many, many moons ago, stumbled, or rather floated into our Pipestone, which at that time was a real navigable

river almost full to the brim. Alex, as you know, was at the time looking for a clear open waterway to the Pacific, and he thought that he had found it at last. Hard paddling against the stream, and eating hard tack and pemmican brought on a jaw-swelling toothache, as he and his voyageurs and Indian guide were approaching what was afterwards "Clark's Crossing" on the old Moose Mountain trail. The old Indian, told him that some miles north of that spot lived a very famous "Lighich' Fhiacail", which in Cree means a Tooth Doctor. Tying up to the bank, Alex and the guide hastened in quest of this legendary dentist and relief. That is as far as the tale goes, but we don't think he could have been Dr. Keown?

Dr. Keown hung up his shingle in the early eighties at Regina, but later moved to the more promising town of Moosomin. He had many partners during all the long years since then, but whose names—excepting that of Dr. Graham—are almost forgotten.

To bring the record of our dentists up to date, we may say that Dr. Fowlie has lately joined Dr. Keown. Dr. Sinclair Jamieson, a Moosomin boy, is also making elaborate preparations in the new Municipal Building to open dental parlors in the near future.

We also have hefty Dr. Beach who is on the fringe of being an old-timer, for he has practiced here for a considerable time. Dr. Beach has other hobbies and furry interests in life which may be said to run neck and neck with his profession; for if there is anything in the world he likes better than owning a menagerie of wild animals, it must be Sport, with the largest capital S possible. The doctor has a private wild animal village, including watch tower, situated to the east of the town limits, which is one of the rare sights to be shown the stranger visiting our town. (For the benefit of doubting Thomases who suffer but hesitate to seek relief at the dentist's we assure them that all work done in the modern way is perfectly painless—to the dentist.)

Like Dr. Keown in his profession, Walter Pennington is as a druggist for, as we mentioned elsewhere, he has been longer at the head of the same business than any other druggist in Saskatchewan. Mr. Pennington is a well of information regarding odd happenings in the old town when it was young, and needless to say foolish.

The first druggist, F. T. Carman has also been mentioned before, and we mention him here solely to confirm the fact mentioned there to the effect that he died and was succeeded by Mr. Pennington. Another druggist who lived here for a number of years was W. L. Carley. Two short term medical men also kept drug stores in connection with their respective practices. These were Drs. Scott and Craig. Later on, C. B. Nicholl had a drug store on Main Street. Nicholl enlisted during the war and was killed on active service in France, while Jas. A. McDonald, a pioneer Wapella druggist, looked after his interests here for a time.

At present, we have two drug stores the interiors of which are a real work of art. One is operated by W. Pennington and Son, and the other by J. G. Wright, who is also the present mayor of Moosomin.

Finding Mr. Pennington in a reminiscent mood one sultry afternoon lately, we will repeat here a couple of incidents he recalled as samples of what was apt to occur on occasion in the old town when he and it were cultivating their first wisdom teeth.

By the way, Mr. Pennington is a son-in-law of the late J. R. Neff, prominent pioneer and member of the old North-West Council for several years.

Once upon a time, when Neff was electioneering for his first or second term, a certain Frank Robinson—of eccentric calibre—decided to run in opposition. However, his bid to reach the little seats of the mighty never got so far as the ballot box, which perhaps was a great pity, as you may judge for yourself. One day he rode into town on his 1200 lb. gray mare, Ecss, and after visiting some warm spots in town, he led his big mare upstairs to Dr. Keown's office to have her teeth attended to. Hearing the commotion, the doctor's nephew opened the door and was almost scared out of his wits when he glimpsed the nightmarish patient in the semi-darkness. How to get the animal back on the street was the problem. This was accomplished after some ingenious members put their heads together—not for the horse to step on—and suggested that the tackle usually used to hoist or lower pianos should be used to get Robinson's mare on terra-firma where she belonged. This was safely done, but the stunt killed Robinson's political aspirations there and then.

What a pity that he wasn't given a trial! A real live wire on a real live horse on the banks of the Wascana, instead of the many hobby-horses that are ridden there by many members from time to time.

The other recollection had reference to a subsequent period in the town's history when an edict of the Town Council ordered places of business to close at a certain hour. It would appear that a certain merchant of foreign extraction decided to ignore the closing by-law and continued to sell his wares as before. However, some of the teen-age boys took matters into their own hands and decided to give the merchant a gentle hint of their calibre, and what might happen if he did not cease profiting at the expense of the law abiding dealers. The idea was to daub the spotless front of the sinner's store with tar; and therefore behold the shivering bunch of boys creeping silently through lanes and around dark corners with chattering teeth in the dead hour of a very dark night, and carrying old brushes and a pail of very dark sticky tar.

Warily they approached and were just in the act of applying the mess when the silence of the night was shattered by a gunshot from a dark window across the street, with the result that the boys scattered in terror leaving the tar behind. Gathering their wits, the boys began to investigate—Sherlock Holmes style—by crossing the street and sniffing the air in front of every door till they came to the right one in the suspected area. But the sleepy-eyed, night-gowned culprit didn't know a thing about anything as he yawned in their accusing faces, but he admitted firing the shot twenty years later. The gunner, and one or two of that old gang are still with us, but to look at them today, you would never believe that these ripe grey-haired old boys would, or could, ever do a thing like that.

Following the above professions, it seems quite appropriate to conclude with a few words about our undertakers. The pioneer of them all was John McGuirl, and his son James had the field all to himself for very many years, but in recent years, another, in the person of G. R. Carscadden, has shared it.

The Mayors of Moosomin

Moosomin was proclaimed a town on March 20th, 1889, and the following citizens were elected as its first Mayor and Councillors: Mayor, Joseph Daniel; Councillors, A. S. Smith, J. C. McArthur, N. G. McCallum; Wm. H. Maulson, L. D. Keown and Joe M. White. F. F. Forbes, one of our pioneer lawyers, and subsequently a judge at Prince Albert, was the first Secretary-Treasurer of Moosomin.

The Mayors of Moosomin from its incorporation to the present were as follows:—Joseph Daniel, 1889, 90 and 91; A. S. Smith and N. G. McCallum shared in 1892; John McCurdy, 1893, 94, 95 to 1902; J. W. Cleverly, 1895; Oliver Neff, 1896, 97 and 1907 and 08; Andrew Whyte, 1903 to 1906; E. L. Elwood, 1909 and 1910; Dr. A. W. Tanner, 1911, 12, 13 and 14; John T. Cooke, 1915, 20, 21, 25, 26, 27, and 32 to 35; Dr. Keown, 1916 to 1919; V. C. McCurdy, 1922, 23 and 24; C. J. Towill, 1928, 29 and 30; J. A. Virtue, 1931; J. G. Wright, 1936, 37 and 38 (This last being the present year).

Wondering regarding the vagueness of verbal information received from a few surviving pioneers of the early eighties in connection with the location of certain early business places in town, we decided to make a test, and now, we wonder no more. Starting on Main Street, we went up and down mentally noting each building on both sides and their respective functions.

At the end—relying on this mental picture, we wrote them down, and then went back to check the result. There were some errors, and one big grocer was omitted altogether.

Here is the result of the said check in June 1938: West Main Street, North to South—Municipal Building, including Sec.-Treas.'s Office, Council Chamber, Rest Room and Dr. Jamieson's Dental Parlors; Adams Block, including Northern Electric Shop, Easton's Harness, etc., James McGuirl, Insurance, etc., Wm. Ferguson, General Agent and Tubman's Grocery; Mundell and Co., Law Offices; Wm. Norton's Service Garage and Massey-Harris Agency; Star Cafe Block, including the new elaborate Chinese Restaurant and Dr. Young's Office upstairs; Endicott's Fruits and Confectionery; Drs. Keown and Fowlie, Dentists; Canadian Utilities Ltd.; World-Spectator Offices; Pennington's Drug Store, with Dr. Beach's Dental Parlors above; Safeway Stores; Kilborn's Barber and Pool rooms; H. Downing, Jeweller; White Block, including Royal Bank and Wright's Drug Store on the ground floor, and Drs. Ferg. and Chestnut, physicians, and H. H. Towill, Barrister, on second floor and Lodge rooms on top. East Main Street—Queen's Hotel, the large double-barreled hostelry ruled by mine host William Gabb, and conceded to be one of the very best places and hosts in this province; the roomy premises also houses Harry Chivers's General Agencies Office; Mitten's Barber Shop; E. Barton's Coal Co. and Agency; next comes F. Muzechen, Shoe Repairing; A. S. Smith Hardware Co. Store; Hart Block, Egg Candling; next is empty space where laundry building used to be; Pals Beauty Parlor and Millinery; Taylor's Bakery, McCracken's place, used till lately by Geo. Rawson, Tailor; Smith and Tanner's Butcher Shop; McGregor's Garage, Pilcher's Golden Rule Store; and last J. A. Virtue's Dept. Store.

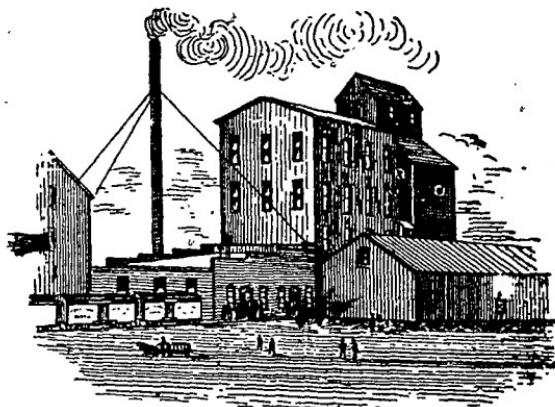
Moosomin and Its Mill Bonusing

From hearsay and appearances it would seem that Moosomin was always unlucky in its attempts to get a grist mill operating here that would keep functioning for any length of time.

Realizing its location as the hub of a vast wheat growing district early in life, Moosomin got busy and raised a thousand dollars by local subscriptions to bonus any person who would erect and operate a mill. A practical miller was soon found who took up the offer, but he made the mistake of going into partnership with a young Englishman who had some money, but who was anything but practical. They bought a mill then standing idle in Southern Manitoba and brought it to Moosomin; put it up and started operations, but the life of the venture was short.

However, George Smith, of Ottawa, who had land interests in this district, and had advanced money to the projectors, was obliged to take it over. He sent a new manager, in the person of his own nephew, I. R. Brigham, who overhauled and enlarged the mill, putting in new and modern machinery. It was operated for several years, but when Mr. Smith died his executors refused to continue operations, and so the mill became a "white elephant" for several years.

Some years later, two English-Americans from Minnesota, named Sutcliffe and Muir, bought the property and erected a mill having a capacity of two hundred barrels a day, the town agreeing to give a bonus of \$5000.00. These men kept it going for a few years, but lack of capital, cost of fuel, together with the alleged increasing pressure of the larger mills, with up-to-date advantages, forced it, and many another small mill out of business.



Moosomin Flour Mill

Then, many years later, during the Great War, a rich grain company with headquarters in the States, took the property over and made elaborate alterations costing many thousands of dollars. Every one was happy when the new-old mill started puffing again, thinking that after spending so much money, the mill was now assured of a long, useful life in the community.

But nothing of the kind; mysterious big money forces were at work whose motive was to checkmate some other powerful opponent from acquiring the property, with the result that our fine mill was stopped as unexpectedly as its latest rebuilding.

Is it any wonder then, that after brooding over its many failures, the poor old mill cracked, and had to be moved to Weyburn. So ends the story of our Old Grist Mill.

Ruins of any hopeful enterprise that promised much is saddening, but the ruins of an abandoned home, whose spacious well-groomed grounds and all the other signs of money and some pomp that we once new, is sadder still.

We came across such a place one brooding afternoon lately, for we knew it, when each tree and blade of grass within its grounds seemed to sense its importance and look with aloofness on everything outside its own confines.

But now, the fences lean drunkenly; the trees broken and flagged; while pigweeds and dandelions have taken possession of the wide inviting steps before that once proud front door which now groans on its rusty hinges.

Moosomin and Its Lawyers

Trespassing on legal grounds is usually dangerous for the poor layman, owing to the fact that the shrewd disciples of Solon and Blackstone are its very jealous guardians, and once caught within their complicated labyrinthian confines, you are apt to be so confused, bemused, and confounded, that you are ready to admit anything short of murder in order to find your way out.

The lawyers are so well entrenched behind breast-works composed of fearful legal terms tied together with cunning ropes of whereases, but with many loopholes from which to pepper the enemy, and on occasion used to drag a friend to safety, when the convenient hole is pulled in after them, leaving no trace.

In the good old days when litigation flourished, Moosomin was rightly considered the best hot-bed in which to grow a very superior brand of lawyer. Not only were they developed here from the raw material, but clever experienced legal men from outside came to Moosomin for the purpose of acquiring that finished polish and erudition necessary to adorn their qualifications to fill any well padded Bench anywhere at any time.

In those days our Moosomin lawyers comprised a goodly percentage of our population, and all were busy as nailers. Litigation then had its golden age here, for the great "melting-pot" hadn't then absorbed the various human elements from all races and nations scattered over the land. Money was comparatively plentiful, and there were no debts to speak of—individual or provincial—with the result that many men—and some women too—stuck out their chins on purpose, inviting somebody to hit them, which shows how fond they were of going to law. Others seemed to carry permanent chips on their shoulders, but these are seldom seen nowadays, the conclusion being that those chips were gathered up and proportionately divided between our political parties.

The truism, that "practice makes perfect" applies to human endeavor in every line, physical and mental, and the Moosomin lawyers of those days had plenty of practice, which fact, besides bringing any latent talent to the fore, brought them also in due time to the notice of "the powers that be" and reward.

It used to be said, that a bad year for the farmer was usually a good one for the lawyer; but that was when bad years were few and far between. But now, after seven or eight in a depressive row, litigation money is lacking, and the practice of law too—in a comparative sense. Considering this, the observation of a certain King's Bench judge who presided in Court here some years ago was unfair. Being his first visit to Moosomin he was curious about the town from knowing its legal history. On his way to dinner, accompanied by a couple of lawyers, he was gazing from side to side as he walked along Main Street. "So" he remarked—half to himself—"this is the town where the cream of the legal profession used to be found. Well! they must have skimmed it pretty well." (He failed to foresee the heights that some of the present crop of lawyers may yet attain.)

Nowadays a man must swallow both his anger and his pride, if the other fellow is a bigger man, for as a rule, he hasn't money enough to tick him in court; but the old pioneers had the money and the fun of frequently seeing justice in action, even if, as sometimes happened, both sides were losers.

Here is a sample. A well known well to do farmer engaged a contractor to build him a house, which was to cost several thousand dollars. On finishing the job and settlement was being made, the farmer claimed that the builder overcharged to the extent of thirty-five dollars, while the builder maintained the contrary. "I'll sue you", said the farmer. "Go ahead", answered the builder. And to law they cheerfully went, where the farmer won the case.

Meeting a friend some time later at the bar—not the bar of justice—but the other one, he told him joyfully that he had won the action, and then like good fellows, they began to celebrate the victory. After a time he added with a rueful smile: "But the victory cost me over a hundred dollars."

The first lawyer to practice in Moosomin was William Johnson, M. A., who must have come here some time in the latter part of 1884, for we find his "ad." in the "Moosomin Courier" of January 1885. He didn't stick very long, moving on to McLeod after a few years. William White, Q. C., the builder of our sizable "White Block" and present home of the Royal Bank, was the most prominent lawyer during those early years. Sleek, suave and plausible, he held the largest share of the local political power in the hollow of his fat little hand, and used it to good advantage. R. H. Wyssman, big and bluff of Swiss extraction was his partner for some years, and also an in-law, for they married sisters—the Misses Hall, and erected two of the finest homes in town—White's on Main St. South, is now owned by Mrs. Mundell; and Wyssman's, S. W. of town, by the old Moose Mountain trail, is now the property of Mr. Truscott.

Ralph Stevenson, F. F. Forbes, Bertram Tennyson, Q. C.; F. L. Gwillim, E. A. C. McLorg; and later followed J. T. Brown; E. L. Elwood; Dave Mundell; E. R. Wylie and T. D. Brown; the latter five subsequent to 1896. Some of the others who practiced here since then were: Mr.

Nisbett, H. Y. McDonald, McDonald Whyte, John Strang, C. V. Truscott, F. C. Wilson, J. W. Thompson and John Phin. These do not include several graduates who lingered here for a time to get their bearings, and then departed for other fields.

The first sitting of the District Court held in Moosomin was held in the Presbyterian church April 24th, 1885, Judge Richardson presiding.

When the High Court of Justice was established in 1887, the North West Territories were divided into five Judicial Districts, namely:—Eastern Assiniboia, Western Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, Northern Alberta, and Southern Alberta. Thus, the Supreme Court of the North West Territories was established.

The first judge for the Judicial District of Eastern Assiniboia was Edward Ludlow Wetmore, Q. C., of the law firm of Fraser, Wetmore and Winslow, of Frederickton, New Brunswick, with Whitewood as the Judicial centre.

The first Court was held at Whitewood in April 1887, with the following result. It was announced that Court would open at 10 o'clock sharp. Right on the dot, Judge Wetmore and Clerk Neff were in their places; but none of the attending lawyers appeared, for just then they were having too good a time at another kind of bar (if it existed then). Anyway, they were in the hotel smoking cigars and spinning election yarns and otherwise enjoying themselves. The Judicial eye was on the clock, and when a few minutes went by, and still no lawyers, the Judge, with fire in his eye, stood up, and uttering a few very pointed remarks to the dilatory lawyers, adjourned the Court.

It is said that when the lawyers did make their appearance to find a chilly empty court room, they felt like crawling into their purple bags. Wetmore never went back after that afternoon session, and shortly afterward an Order-in-Council was passed naming Moosomin as the Judicial centre.

The first sheriff for this Judicial District was P. W. King, appointed from Mount Forest, Ont. He was soon transferred to Alberta, as sheriff of Calgary, and was succeeded here by Charles Marshallsay, member of the North West Council for Whitewood District. This man died in 1887, and George Anderson, of Grenfell, succeeded him as sheriff. This man went away on leave of absence to South America, leaving Major C. E. Phipps as acting sheriff during his absence. In about a year's time, Sheriff Anderson resigned and G. B. Murphy, of Qu'Appelle, was appointed sheriff in May 1889. Oliver Neff's appointment as Clerk of the Court dated from 1887.

Judge Wetmore remained in Moosomin until 1904, when the reorganization of the Courts took place under the Autonomy Act of that year, when he moved to Regina on being appointed the first Chief Justice of the newly organized Court. Oliver Neff held the Clerkship for over 21 years, when a new regulation was introduced disqualifying any other than a lawyer from holding the position. Sheriff Murphy was sheriff here for over 30 years when he died in harness, his passing deeply regretted by all who knew him, and it was freely admitted that he was the most popular official in his line to be found in the entire West.

Moosomin not only furnished the first Chief Justice, but also three Justices to the Courts of Appeal and Kings Bench, in the persons of E. L. Elwood, J. T. Brown and H. Y. MacDonald. Also the following to the

lower Court: F. F. Forbes, to Prince Albert; E. A. C. McLorg, to Saskatoon; E. R. Wylie, to Estevan; Judge Nisbitt, to Cranbrook, B. C.; and Judge Wilson, to Weyburn.

Judge Wetmore was considered one of the best that ever sat on a Western Bench, and many of his decisions will continue to be quoted in our Courts of law for a long time to come. He was quite a martinet for observing rules and regulations in connection with the dignity of his Court. Everything had to be just so—even to the proper tying of the official cloak bands, and the parting of the official hair. Outside however, the judge was on occasion one of the boys, and could relax over a good dram, and joke and yarn with the best of them.

Usually, he took great pains to check up on the truth or falsehood of statements by witnesses before him. Here is an instance. At a certain trial here, a lady witness testified that she saw the defendant enter the door of a house, half a mile or so from her own home as she stood on a certain spot outside her own door. The judge adjourned his Court, and early the next morning he was seen approaching the house of the lady in question, some two miles south west of town. There he stood where she said she was standing and looked carefully for the other house. When the case was resumed, he informed them that it was impossible for the woman to see what she said she saw; because, in the first place it was too far away to tell one man from another; and secondly, that there was a good sized poplar bluff between which made it quite impossible for any one to see any part of the house in question at all.

Comparisons may be odious, but they are very interesting some times. For instance, it is interesting to know that the inmates of our jails and mental hospitals today have more conveniences and better services for their comfort than King Henry the Eighth or Mary Queen of Scots ever knew. The same applies today in a lesser degree when we compare modern facilities with those of 30 and 40 years ago. These days many men on relief can travel comfortably in their own cars with speed and ease; but when Judge Wetmore functioned here, he had to use a horse and buggy to cover much of his immense district, and that in all sorts of weather over bad prairie trails.

Wetmore often acted in other districts during the absence of some brother Judge. On one such occasion, while driving back from Battleford with some lawyers, night overtook them at a rude stopping place in the wilderness. There was some kind of a bed for the judge, but the lawyers—one of them being the late Norman MacKenzie, K. C., of Regina—had to sleep on the floor. At midnight, a big husky fellow full of drink pushed his way in using very abusive language. The judge, a short stocky man, jumped out of bed bristling with anger, and gave the bully such a tongue lashing in language quite foreign to the Bench, that he departed instantly quite cowed.

Yes, our pioneers; including judges and bishops shared the hardships inseparable from the lives of those whose destiny it is to plan and lay the first stones in the foundations of civilization in a new country.

The mortal remains of Wetmore and Elwood have been resting these many years in our north cemetery; the former died at Victoria, B. C., and the latter at Regina, but each called Moosomin "HOME", and home each was brought when his sun had set, there to rest beside some loved one who had gone before.

A Glance at Life in a Pioneer Settlement

Living conditions in those days were quite different from what they are today. The great majority of the pioneers were poor people in so far as bank balances and worldly goods and chattels counted; but generally speaking, they were rich in faith and hope, and what better equipment can any one wish for than that, together with perseverance.

When our early settlers arrived here, every individual—young and old, who was able to work was expected to do his or her share towards one laudable aim: independence.

To get established and pay off all debts incurred must be accomplished before this desirable end could be attained. Therefore most of the young men scattered to the four winds seeking work and willing to do anything to help their parents with this end in view.

Regular as the clock, at the end of every month, the registered letter arrived containing the wages so painfully earned under a broiling sun working on a railroad dump, or perhaps elsewhere at something else equally hard.

Their sisters were not behind with their share. They were not ashamed in those days to work in some one else's kitchen to earn a few dollars to help those at home; and we know for a fact, that very few of these pioneer girls—whether in town or country, did not serve an apprenticeship in some other woman's home. Some of them may not wish to remember those days, but we venture to say that the great majority—which is the right sort, are proud of their experiences of by-gone days for they gained much to fit them to rule homes of their own intelligently.

The necessities of life and comfort—especially during the first ten years in the West could be included in a very tiny list compared with what is considered necessary today. Few fancy dishes to tickle satiated palates were in evidence during those days, and we felt far better without them.

Flour ground from frozen wheat was the main staff of life in most prairie homes during those first ten years. An occasional porker was sacrificed by lucky families during the long winter, while many others ate so many rabbits that they took to hopping instead of walking when danger threatened, but we don't think this generous rabbit diet had anything to do with the fine large families that were so common in pioneer days.

In every home could be found a monstrous pail of syrup—especially during the latter part of the winter when butter was scarce. Those pails were wide at the bottom and much narrower at the top; the contents of which may have been—and doubtless were, nourishing and very rich in vitamin X, but there are many of us, who were children at the time, who still hold pails, or anything else shaped like those old syrup pails in utter aversion.

As a rule, the pioneer homes of the eighties were exceedingly cold in winter. It was not an unusual sight to see the front of the old fashioned cook stove red hot, while the water froze on the back part. A man of 90 years seldom exaggerates, yet we heard a hoary old-timer solemnly declare through his long white whiskers, that once in the winter of 84, he had both shins burned before a hot fire, while both calves of the same legs were badly frost-bitten at the same time from excessive cold from the rear.

To pass the long evenings during the early years in the Moosomin settlements, we used to do a lot of visiting among the neighbors. Many of the older members had memories overflowing with tales and traditional lore which they could recite impressively, humorously, or hair-raisingly, according to the theme in hand for hours at a time.

When the tale was spiced with ghosts, we younger members would draw closer and closer together as the supernatural reeled and hovered over us in the dim light. Still shivering—at the recollections of the ghosts more than from the ever present cold, we used to fly over those starlit home trails, and at a rate that would take the ghost of Acoose, the swift Indian, to overtake us at such a time.

Small community dances were frequently held in the more commodious homes, where everybody had a chance to show their mettle. An old violin brought from the home-land was a treasure that loomed large on such occasions, but for real enjoyment the old Bagpipes had to be tuned up; for be it known, that the bewhiskered old-timers limbs refused to unlimber for any other music. Many of the first make-shift homes had no board floors. Beaten clay floors had to do and they were all right for any ordinary test; but under the influence of bagpipe music, when those hoary heads of families performed to show the youngsters how it should be done, those clay floors were pulverized in spots, causing clouds of real estate to hover over the dancers. No one minded this however; least of all the performers themselves, sheltered as they were behind their whiskers.

The women and girls were lively performers too, and some had plenty of energy. Later on dawned the age of those fashionable feminine saddles of yester-year called "bustles." I have a vivid recollection of one bustle anyway. It was at a crowded dance following a wedding when the bustle was in full flower. Sitting on one of the front seats surrounding the crowded dancing space a be-bustled lady and her dancing partner danced by in front of me, and at the moment the lady bounced as if on springs. The bustle followed her up of course, and what was worse it followed her down—right across two of my knuckles, as my hand rested on my knee—cutting them open almost to the bone convincing me that nuts and bolts of no ordinary size went into the foundation of that bustle anyway.

Most of the old country immigrants were very green during the early years, even those raised in rural surroundings. These were more adaptable than those raised in the cities, but in degree only.

Bitter experience alone taught those that persevered how to do things properly, but when we look back now and think of all the unnecessary work that they did, we realize the amount of wasted energy they paid for their schooling.

For instance, we remember the time when those settlers used to get up long before daylight in the dead of winter, hitch up their ox teams and travel many long cold weary miles for a load of dead poplar for fuel all the way to the Moose Mountains, or perhaps to the Qu' Appelle valley: passing hundreds of loads of standing poplar at their very doors, but no one thought then of chopping it up for future use.

Cold darkness leaving, and the same coming home, and all the nourishment since they left would be one or two frozen sandwiches. The matter of handling grain from the threshing machine and its disposal afterwards, are other instances of back-breaking extra work. The stacking

of every sheaf grown—even after the era of small crops and few machines is another; but why list them when we know that they led fairly happy lives, the extra work may have added years to their lives, for almost every one of them passed the three score and ten by a wide margin.

Today, when we hear bitter complaints against the winter cold, if the thermometer shows anything lower than freezing point on a cold morning: we cannot help thinking of some of the awful winters of the middle eighties, when blinding snow-storms and three day blizzards were common. On waking up in the semi-darkness owing to an inch of whiskery frost covering the small paned windows; one had to be very careful in moving the head if he wanted to escape a small avalanche of snowy rime that accumulated from the breath on exposed hair and bed covers during the night ~~from~~ tumbling down his neck or bosom, while the surrounding walls also sprouted frosty whiskers that shone like Alladin's cave in the light.

But we didn't seem to mind those discomforts then, and the peculiar part was that there was little or no sickness. Of course, many of the present day diseases with fancy names were not even invented in those dark ages when sulphur, senna-tea, castor oil, and pain killer were the star remedies.

Local Newspaper Service

Among its many blessings; Moosomin from the beginning had good reason to be thankful for its local newspaper service which has continued unbroken ever since the first issue of the "Moosomin Courier" came from its old fashioned press on the 2nd day of October, 1884. There were three partners in that first venture whose names suggest anything but stagnation. A trio with names such as Nulty, Beer, and Leaper, should put life and pep even in a game of checkers.

Mr. Beer—a bewhiskered gentleman of stoutish proportions stuck longer than the others, for he continued as editor for some years. He was also the leader of Moosomin's first Brass Band—an example which his successors should follow as a token of respect to his memory.

The paper was tiny then but bright and newsy on the third and last pages; the front and second pages were then exclusively used for publishing long sentimental serial love stories, the kind that were very popular among the sighing ladies of that day.

Being ambitious, the tiny Courier became a DAILY PAPER, if you please, and we believe it was the first "Daily" in the whole of the vast North West Territories. It kept it up for some days, or perhaps weeks, but not for very long, but long enough to be another feather in Moosomin's cap in the experimental line anyway.

Later on the paper was enlarged and by the early nineties, we find Octavius Smith as its proprietor. In 1892, another newspaper was founded here called "The Moosomin Journal and Assiniboia News", as a political opponent to the other. This one was published by W. Burbank, but its life was short. Then the Spectator came on the scene, being founded and edited by A. H. Smith, ex-principal of the Public School. His was a fine character and we have pleasant recollections of his humorous twinkling eyes and kindly courtesy. The Spectator at one time was printed in the stone building built by John Carson the black-

smith, and still standing—in a staggerly supported manner—west of Fudge's garage on Broadway.

It was here we first saw O. A. Bretz of the present World-Spectator, away back in the nineties, he being then a member of the old Spectator staff. Herb Shuart, a friend and fellow worker of his in the printing trade in old Ontario, joined him here a year later when both worked with A. H. Smith for some years.

In the meantime another paper of conservative affiliation had been started by a group of prominent business men of the town, which was named "The Moosomin World." Various editors were engaged from time to time, and when none were available, doughty Dr. McLoughry would step in and do the job.

Eventually, Bretz and Shuart took it over, and later on a courtship began between the Tory World, and the Grit Spectator, which strange to say resulted in a genuine marriage between them, the hyphen forming the bond of union still holds after all the years, and not even a whisper of divorce has ever been heard to date.

Herb Shuart died a couple of years ago at a comparatively early age, his passing greatly regretted by all who knew him, but more keenly by his old friend and partner of many years, Mr. Bretz. Bert McKay, who was a member of the staff for a number of years entered into partnership with Bretz after Shuart's death. Their plant has been remodelled lately and modern machinery added; the result being very easy on the eyes. Also, since Bert joined the staff, no chairs, stools or ladders are needed to reach the higher shelves, for like King Saul, Bert is head and shoulders over the rest of the boys native to our busy Main Street.

Moosomin and Sport

From its very beginning Moosomin has been keen on sports of all kinds, for no sooner were our first settlers—especially those from old England—under cover of some kind than they began to seek ways and means to promote their favorite sports, for all—including the few graybeards to be found then, were young at heart in those days.

They took their sports seriously too, for every important event was started at the crack of a real pistol. On one such occasion, the starter—a man named Robinson—was so excited watching them line up that he pressed the trigger prematurely as he held the gun behind him, shooting an Indian who happened to be standing close by.

There were two packs of fox hounds in the district; but of those who knew the thrill of speeding in their wake, very few are left here. Of the old sportsmen who could a tale unfold, we still have Thomas Wilde, George Garmeson, and Abraham Bell, all of 82, and Kenneth Price, of a later date.

The famous Becton stables of thoroughbred race horses, at Cannington Manor, extended its influence to Moosomin, which often resulted in famous races on the old Turf Club grounds here in which racers from far and near took part.

Baseball and hockey were in their infancy during the early years, but later on, Moosomin players were outstanding: some of them being snapped up by big Eastern Leagues from time to time. Of these, Trueman Lake, Vic Jopp, and Gordon Trenouth may be mentioned. Splendid

teams have been playing of late years under the Moosomin flag, but on account of the modern custom of hiring outsiders, instead of developing the home material; we old-timers somehow find it impossible to get enthusiastic over the victories; yet, they all do it, for some of Moosomin's best players are away with others, and have been for years: notably the Hogg brothers who belong to a family that produced more first class players during the last decade or more than any other in the province.

The Curling Club was organized in 1890, and from then on many lovers of the ancient "Roarin' Game" have developed cunning technique in animating those gray rocks to do their bidding. Many of the old-timers followed the game into their seventies: among them may be mentioned: Doc. Harris, John Hewgill, Oliver Neff, R. J. McKennitt, John Pilsworth and many others, some of whom were good enough to rank among the main winners time and again at Winnipeg and Regina bonspiels. There is a splendid lot of matured and promising curlers in the old town at all times in the season, and this assures us that Moosomin's prestige will be upheld against all comers in the years to come.

A Cricket Club was started here in 1883, and a Polo Club in 1892. Cricket, Lacrosse and Croquet used to be common when the West was young. Lovers of tennis may be justly proud of their Tennis Court here, for it is one of the nicest in the province. We remember the time when that hollow contained an odorous unsightly slough, called Lindsay's Slough, named after big Jack Lindsay, the Massey-Harris giant of long-ago, whose property was close by.

Likewise the Agricultural-Turf-Exhibition-Baseball grounds to the north of town, with their village like collection of well kept buildings are a credit to the town and the men—especially S. H. Calvert and H. G. Chivers—who did so much to change what used to be anything but a beauty spot to an ornamental suburb worthy of its aim and intention.

We all regret that the Caledonian Society that functioned here for nearly twenty years was allowed to fold up after providing such splendid entertainment during those years. Our midsummer Caledonian Games and midwinter Burns Anniversary used to be outstanding events all over the West.

We have pleasant recollections of the times after meetings when dull care used to be thrown overboard for a brief spell and some of us would retire to a certain room of Mr. Brierley's, mine host then of the Queens, and that prince of good fellows, Dave Mundell would play the piano, while MacDonald-White, the inimitable little lawyer would sing comic songs. Presiding at these would be benevolent kindly Jim Whiting. There too would be Mat Millar, Herb Jamieson, J. C. Jopp, Charlie Stewart and a few others. Those who cared took a glass or two of—buttermilk. They had powerful cows in those days.

Like the rest of humanity, we Moosominites are funny. We have a nice Municipal Park in town over which we made some fuss a few years ago, and which used to be crowded by wading babes, horse shoe pitchers and their respective admirers every fine evening. It was enjoyable and relaxing, and was really enjoyed by its frequenters during that one brief season, but during the last summer seasons it has been shunned like a haunted kirk, or a tiny replica of "Sleepy Hollow."

It may be said that the opening up of Sanctuary Park at the Pipe-stone cancelled the other, but for small children and aged people the

park in town should be the real Sanctuary—a place to play in for the former, and a place to smoke, talk, dream or meditate over the past for the latter. A great many of these have never seen the Pipestone watering place.

Some Well-Known Pioneers Surrounding Moosomin

To the north of town, generally speaking, beautiful farm lands are found, and the pioneers who settled there usually got ahead faster than their less fortunate brethren to the east, south and west, for in many parts of these, the land is rather scrubby with many sloughs and potholes, which made much more work before the owners of such could bring a decent sized field under cultivation.

Some of the well-known farmers to the north whose names spring to mind are:—the McCallums, Barbers, Carrolls, Phins, Dalgleishes, Sarvises, Iretons, Blythes, Gibsons, Morans, Connors, Lees, Raneys, Neffs, Kilpatrick, Flynn's, Wells, Murrays, Garmesons, Steens, Boyles, Clarks, Youngs, Fykes, Wildes, Prestons and others.

To the east and south were to be found the Crisps, McMullens, Grays, Whittons, Snoddys, Thompsons, Johnstons, Hewgills, Bedford's Benacre Farm, Harris, Patterson, Dunn, Summerton, Drinkwater, Watts, Murrays, Beals, Young.

To the south and south-west were: Kinsey, Hares, Lynds, McLoughrys, Hills, Gruggens, Prices, Lindsays, Calder's, Geddes, Rosses and others. There were many others too if their names would only spring out of the past, and we may add, that in subsequent years John Pilsworth acquired many of the old homesteads surrounding the town—a regular belt of them, but not quite enough to make both ends meet.

Many of the descendants of these mentioned are to be found working the lands of their pioneer fathers, and a few of the old-timers themselves are to be found functioning as of yore. Among these Amos Kinsey may be specially mentioned. Year in and year out, Amos may be found driving his well groomed horses over the trails worn by their ancestors fifty-six years ago.

Amos first homesteaded at the famous settlement of Cannington Manor, and besides his town farm here, he also has a farm at Kelso. Mr. Kinsey has a splendid collection of pictures and other relics of early pioneer days that are well worth spending a long summer afternoon with. Another 82 pioneer who has a good collection of pictures of people and scenes in and around the old town is Abraham Bell, and as the years come and go such collections will become more valuable, and we are sorry that we are unable to show reproductions of some we saw there, or give even a word picture of any of them.

Numerous amusing incidents could be dragged from the reservoir of forgotten things in connection with some of our early residents; their doings at work and at play: but here we shall only mention one that has been told from time to time. Once upon a time, Moosomin citizens had to resort to strategy whenever they wanted anything stronger than two per cent slough water, for whisky and other kindred spirits were strictly prohibited in and around the old but then very young town—it was a minor anyway, and we all know how bad these fiery brands are for the young.

There being no customs office here, the mounties were busy watching

the incoming trains from Manitoba, and on one of their unwelcome searches in a suspected car at the station, they were lucky enough to find a keg of whisky which was seized and dumped on the platform. A mountie was left to guard the keg, and he proceeded to do the guarding by sitting on it. In the meantime a plot was hatched by two thirsty citizens to get hold of that precious keg—or its contents, considering it a crime for anyone to pour it over the already saturated prairie.

Therefore, one of the plotters took pity on the lonesome mountie, joining him at the keg where he told loud funny yarns which kept the mountie shaking with laughter, while the other as he yawned, kept stamping up and down—the reason being cold feet—while his chum was prone under the platform with brace and bit and a large crock into which he drained the whiskey—every drop from under the laughing policeman. Believe it or not.

Moosomin Public Institutions, Their Officials and Others

Although not central, from a geographic standpoint; Moosomin, from its very beginning seemed to attract public institutions and other things to be fostered under its seductive wings. This was mainly due to its larger population compared with that of more central towns; but we think the lion's share regarding this advantage rightly belongs to the late Alex S. Smith whose home was here, and who—although not gifted as a speaker, was our very efficient provincial member for many years.

Old enough to be considered an institution is our hoary Ogilvie Milling Co. elevator, being the first of its kind ever built in our western country, including this province, Alberta, and everything to the Pacific and Arctic oceans. It was built in 1884 and for many years reared its head in solitary grandeur, surpassing, as we thought then any or all of the famed "Seven Wonders of the World." It still functions after having undergone several minor and major operations. Here's to it, and long may it flour-ish.



Moosomin Court House

The Court House here was erected in 1890; the builder being the late

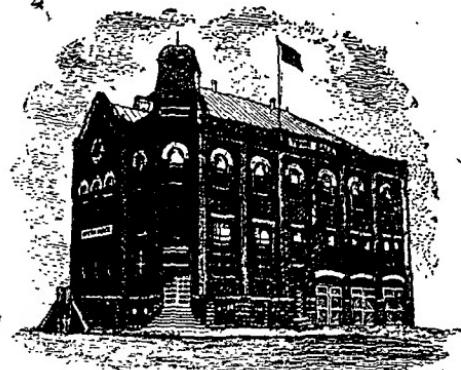
well known merchant prince, R. H. Williams, of Regina. With the establishment of the Supreme Court of the Province of Saskatchewan in September 1907, new Judicial Districts were formed, and the district of Moosomin was established with the town of Moosomin as the Judicial centre. Under this new arrangement, Hon. A. Gray Farrell was the first Judge, G. B. Murphy, Sheriff, and W. K. McDougall of Regina, was clerk of the court and local registrar. Next to fill this position was C. V. Truscott, and was followed by E. G. D. McEachern.

When McEachern left, the positions of Sheriff, Clerk of the Court etc. were amalgamated, with Sheriff Murphy as the first to hold the dual position which he did up to the time of his death.

Since then, Sheriff R. A. Magee and his efficient deputy, John E. Love have functioned, ably assisted by Miss Helen Simpson at present.

On the retirement of Judge Farrell, Judge J. A. M. Patrick, the very genial pioneer lawyer from Yorkton, was appointed to the position in Moosomin, but to date, not even one of our citizens has welcomed him—from the prisoners box, and we ask if this is being fair to the stranger in our midst.

Considering the fact that nearly fifty-six years have gone by since the first station agent started his mysterious tap-tapping here, we find a surprisingly small number on the list to date. A man named MacLeod was the first station agent here, and then came H. C. Buchanan, a large dark handle-bar mustached man who remained on the job for many years, and whose son Joe is the present train dispatcher at Brandon, Manitoba. Mr. Trenouth, a pleasant soft voiced chunky man followed, and he also stayed on the job until advancing years obliged him to retire, and a Mr. Williams took his place. This man departed after a comparatively short stay, and our genial friend of many years, W. B. MacLean took his place. That was twenty-five years ago. Commenting on this "Mac" remarked, "A complete new Moosomin has developed since then in its outlook on life in general." We did not press the question as to whether he thought the change was beneficial or the reverse. What do you think?



Moosomin Town Hall

Regarding our Post Office; somebody said that Joe Daniel had the appointment of postmaster in his pocket when he arrived here in 1882.

Anyway, he functioned for many years till old age or politics, or a mixture of both compelled him to resign. Then followed a dead-lock for a time on account of two good "Grits" of equal political standing claiming the position. One of them was Neil G. MacCallum, as fine a man as Moosomin ever had, but we never learned who the other man was. Neither got the job, for Federal member Douglas, to get over the difficulty brought J. G. Donald back from the West, and gave him the post of postmaster of Moosomin, which he held as long as he lived.

Then after a long interval, during which several citizens tried their luck, the position was finally awarded to Capt. K. A. Price, who has held it ever since, and is usually assisted by a very efficient staff.



Moosomin General Hospital

The first Moosomin Hospital was established in 1902, it being then the only hospital between Brandon and Indian Head, but the present building was erected in 1905. For a great many years, Sheriff Murphy was the President of the Board of Directors. Naturally there were many Matrons in charge since its founding; including Matrons Brown, Dencker, Henry (now Mrs. Lewis, Vandura), Lee (now Mrs. Calvert), Fallis (now Mrs. Bayles), and others whose terms were comparatively short. At the present time V. C. McCurdy is president, J. E. Love, Secretary, Miss G. McMullen, Matron, the rest of the smiling staff are Nurses Iris Davies, Georgina Sim, and Edith Orton. Our Hospital, with the improvements recently made is said to be up to date in every way.

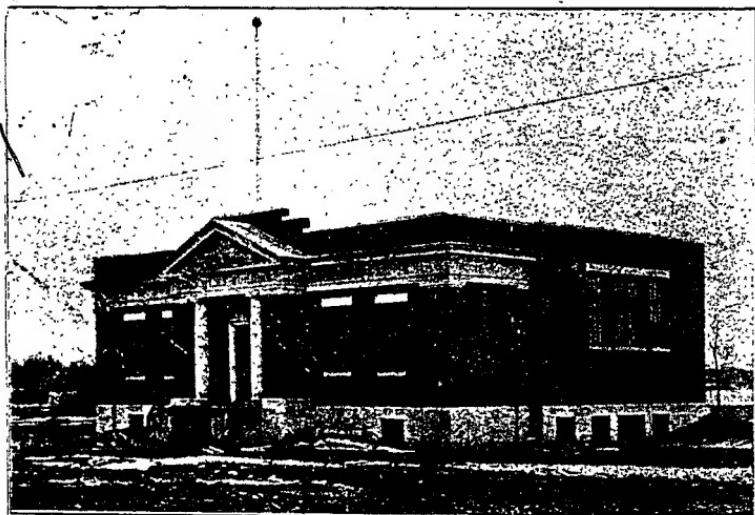
The first part of the Moosomin Jail was built in 1908. It was opened for business in December 1909, with James McMullen as its first Warden, and ten to twelve of a staff. The building is some two miles east of town, (to safeguard the prisoners, we understand); and so popular it proved that it was found necessary to add another block of forty cells during the winter of 1910-11, which brought its capacity up to eighty ordinary cells, but on occasion, lodging can be stretched for from forty to fifty more.

Since then the institution has had a varied experience. For many years it was just an ordinary sympathetic jail never refusing a strong furnished cell to any one deserving it regardless of age or pedigree. J. W. Smith, at one time principal of the public school was the second Warden, but resigned when he was appointed School Inspector. During

the Great War years its popularity waned, and it was finally closed, its only free boarders being a few trusties to keep the place in shape under the supervision of George Hunt, until the dawn of better—or should we say, worse times should come in due course.

This happened in 1928, when it was reopened as an ideal place for tender first offenders under 21 years of age: unfortunately a never failing crop, and mostly the product of Godless homes, schools, and other common ills of the times, with unemployment as a strong secondary cause.

On being reopened, Col. A. H. D. Sharp was appointed Warden, a position which he still fills with efficiency. The rest of his staff are as follows:— E. R. Beard, Deputy; J. Ullott, Engineer; D. S. Reavie, Farmer; W. Fyvie, Keeper; G. Reid, Asst. Keeper; A. D. Stewart, Asst. Keeper; J. R. C. Ireland, J. J. McDougall, J. Jack, E. Broughton, W. Murray, A. H. H. Milward, H. E. Fleming, and J. G. Lamond, Guards; G. J. Kerr, Cook; and Dr. W. A. Chestnut, Surgeon. We feel bound to mention the fact that to date, not one of Moosomin's boys has been an inmate, a fact which leads us to the conclusion that there must be some discrimination at work.



Moosomin Land Titles Office

The Land Titles Building was started in 1912, and finished in 1913. It was formally opened for business November 15th 1913. A train load: (one car anyway), of the proper ammunition for the opening arrived from Regina the night before, accompanied by a small regiment of assorted clerks of both sexes, headed by C. V. Truscott, the Registrar. Ah! there were miracle men in those ancient days, for that mountain of books, papers, and other essentials—including the girls knitting and fancy work were in their proper places before morning, and at 9 o'clock every unit was ready for action, its hair properly parted and raring to go.

They went too, it saddens us to think how many, but C. V. Truscott, the able and courteous registrar is still there—the only one left of the old gang.

Old Man Depression laid a heavy hand on Land Titles work, for now instead of a busy staff of ten or twelve, there are but three: the Registrar aforesaid; the Deputy, C. J. Towill, a former limb of the law, like Mr. Truscott, and also like him dearly loves a complicated piece of work tightly bound with almost inextricable legal trimmings. The staff of clerks and stenographers are all included under the dark blond thatch of young Orville Backes who hails from the town of Wapella.

Without doubt the most useful institution in any community is its Public School. Elsewhere we have written a fairly comprehensive sketch covering the history of ours here, but wishing to preserve the names of those in charge at the present time—being the latter part of the year 1938—for the information of their grandchildren and future generations, here they are:- Dr. L. D. Keown is chairman of the Board of Trustees, and we venture to add that he has been attached to this school as chairman and trustee longer than any other in a like capacity in the entire West. The other trustees are: Mrs. Agnes Stewart, and Messrs C. J. Towill, J. E. Howes, W. J. Barker, and the teachers are:- J. A. MacPherson, principal; Misses Evelyn Black, Jean Farrell, Cresswell MacLean, Marjory Mitchell, and Mrs. Peggy MacGregor. The secretary is R. G. McCrea.

The Collegiate trustees are:- O. A. Bretz, Chairman; W. Pennington, H. Downing, Dr. E. J. Ferg, and H. H. Towill; and the teaching staff: Harold Whyte, principal, Misses Agnes McDermid, Rosalean Burns, Georgina Black, Mary Gaynor, and Charles Spencer. The secretary is E. H. Barton.

The Moosomin Co-operative Creamery is another splendid asset for the town. The first creamery: privately owned, was started during the early years of the present century. Many changes have occurred since then. It was burned down—at least once. It was rebuilt and changed over and over again, showing almost all the colors of the rainbow, until a few years ago it assumed its present permanent up-to-date look in every respect. Considered one of the very best in the Province, it manufactures enormous mountains of butter during the year, employing a staff of nine or ten during the busy summer season. At this date October 1938, the staff is down to four, and here they are:- P. M. Willis, Manager, George Adams, J. H. MacKinnon, and Garnet Matchett.

The Government Telephone Exchange is another useful Moosomin institution. It was built in 1920, and employs about an average of ten persons. Angus MacKay and S. O. Sissons (better known as "Bud") are the experts in charge of this territory, and the "hello" part is headed at the present time by Miss Marion Whitely, Agent, Mrs. Pearl Malongé, Misses Nellie Faulkner, Mabel Hiron, Margaret Few, Sadie Sim, Jean MacLean, and Glen Fuhr, who is in charge at night.

The Moosomin Armory was built in 1913. It is a sizable building of 100 x 40 feet, and is in charge of our chief civilian-military officers who saw active service during the Great War. They have some wicked looking cannon at their disposal, the result being that all those mentioned—especially the members of the Town Council, behave in an exemplary manner. They should be useful too in repelling any pugnacious invasion, by either Wapella or Fleming; but they proved utterly useless against the grasshopper invasion that plagued us lately.

MOOSOMIN AND ITS PIONEERS

All these institutions mean employment to many hands and heads, and the pay cheques they receive month after month and year after year put a great deal of money in circulation that should make the town's pockets ideal for picking—especially during the first five days of each month. We seldom think or realize all the blessings we enjoy in a town the size of Moosomin; but for which we should daily offer an extra prayer of thankfulness.

Then there is our Weekly Newspaper plant with its staff—including the "dcvil", or is this impish sounding dark functionary obsolete nowadays? Our branch of the Royal Bank now handles business that was formerly divided between three or four that were closed in other towns. The present Manager of our Bank and guardian of our surplus millions is Mr. Allison, of Greenock, Scotland.

The first banks were privately owned—one by Lafferty and Moore, and another by Lejeune and Smith. Then there appeared Pease Reade and Co., but all gradually disappeared when the Union Bank in 1890 opened a branch here under the management of Major A. E. Christie.

Also we should not forget that Moosomin is the head-quarters for a large district in connection with many lines useful and convenient to the community at large. It is the home of managers and agents representing corporations and others having large interests in town and country.

We have a number of excellent stores—two of them with several departments employing many hands. We have the electricians here too where we can whisper dark words in their ears when the light goes out.

But more noticeable than any other line of human endeavor of late years is the ascendancy of Gas. Its smell is everywhere you go, and if you close your eyes it comes on the Radio: if you walk through any town, village, or hamlet, gas filling stations with all the colors—but the same smell—are everywhere. You are apt to bump into one of the things no matter where you turn—even out in the country they are flowering and multiplying by every road-side. Yes, gas and electricity rules the world nowadays, and poor dobbin will be as rare as the dodo before another generation discards its rompers. However we should be thankful for small mercies, for we understand that the dust we inhale in Moosomin is purer, cleaner, and with fewer microbes, bacillus, or bacterium to the square whiff, than anywhere else owing to the wind in our wide branching trees knocking their brains out as it blows and is strained through the branches of our maple guardians.

To keep the peace and safeguard the town, we have had many Chiefs of Police during the past fifty-six years. We do not remember them all, but the following names are easily remembered: Chiefs A. Bell, A. C. Sarvis, A. M. Rush, O. E. Bell, A. E. Muir, E. Alexander, Jack Lowder, and Jim Stutters, the present holder of the office, and one of the best.

No record of Moosomin could be complete without mention of the famous North West Mounted Police—those "Rovers of the Plains" who always get their man. Mentioned elsewhere is the type from which the earlier members were recruited, and also something about Moosomin's importance as headquarters for a very large district before the branch railroads were built. The first proper barracks for the Mounties was built in 1886, and is still to be seen (much improved in appearance): being the third house north of Broadway on Moose Street East, beside the present home of Councillor Archie Blyth.

There used to be several on duty here for a great many years, usually

headed by a captain, inspector, or even superintendent. Some good smart sergeants and corporals came later on, but many of their names are now forgotten. As mentioned elsewhere; Sergt. Norris was the first man in charge here. Then we think Sergt. Fyfe came next. Then followed such well known names as Capt. Constantine, Inspectors Moodie and Jarvis; Capt. MacDonell, and Capt. Taylor, Sergt. McGinnis—later inspector, and Sergt. Joyce—the latter, one of the smartest officers we ever had here.

Following him were several short termed officers including the trial era of the Provincial Police. At the present time Corp. Norfolk—an ideal Mountie in shape and form, but he complains of lack of excitement and adventure. What about it old-timers, can't we give him some?

The pastors in charge of the various denominations in Moosomin, at the present time (late 1938) are:- Anglican, Rev. Wm. Grazier; United Church, Rev. C. H. Whitmore; Catholic, Rev. C. McMahon; Presbyterian, Mr. Laine; and Baptist, Rev. D. A. McNab.

And last but not least the members of the present town council are:- Mayor J. G. Wright, and councillors Dr. Chestnut, C. W. Jamieson, W. H. Kilborne, A. Blyth, P. M. Willis, and W. W. MacDonald. We used to have stiff fights for these positions, but now we have to rope them to get enough for the job.

The Cannington Manor Settlement

(Partly based on writings by Mrs. Geo. S. Page, nee Lily Pierce)

The most famous of Moosomin's far-flung suburbs was undoubtedly the English settlement of Cannington Manor; a mere 40 or 45 miles to the south in the Moose Mountain country. This rather exclusive colony was founded by Captain Pierce in 1882, and whose daughter was a much respected resident here for many years as the wife of George Shaw Page, who for a number of years was Moosomin's very efficient town clerk, but now living in retirement on Vancouver Island, B. C. Another daughter of the Captain became the wife of his brother, Spencer Page; theirs being the first marriage performed in the settlement, Rev. W. W. Bolton of Moosomin officiating. Spencer Page was the first member elected for Cannington to the old North West Assembly, and subsequently became the first Clerk of the Assembly for the Province of Saskatchewan. With this office he combined that of the Children's Welfare Department of the Government, and his sudden demise in the prime of life several years ago occasioned most sincere regret to a very large circle of friends.

When Captain Pierce and one of his sons, Duncan, landed in Moosomin in 1882, they found four tents; viz: those of R. D. McNaughton, a police tent, a Land Guide tent, and a Land Office. Much to their disappointment, they found that all the land south of the railway belt—which included the district they had chosen for a settlement—had been withdrawn from homesteading.

Nothing daunted, the doughty Captain went back to Ottawa, and there met a man of influence, Sir David McPherson, who was well acquainted with a mutual friend in England, the result being that the Captain was introduced to the great Sir John A. MacDonald, the premier. Permission was given to throw open the land desired for the space of one day which enabled the Captain to make entry for homesteads and pre-emptions for himself and four sons.

At the same time Captain Pierce promised Sir John that he would write a letter to the English papers with the view of inducing people of means and of the proper background to come and make their homes in the proposed settlement.

The rest of the Pierce family who came to Canada a little later that year, stopped for some time at Toronto, and later at Winnipeg; arriving at Moosomin towards the end of January 1883. Homer Smith, who lived on the banks of the Pipestone had the only team of horses available to take them to their destination with the thermometer registering 46 degrees below zero.

Captain Pierce kept his word re. writing to the English papers, the result being that those whose names follow came out later on: The Pierce family itself consisted of the parents and four sons and four daughters. Then followed these, many of them plainly showing their Norman ancestry:—Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys and ten children; Spencer, William and George Shaw Page; Harry and Frank Sayer; Mr. and Mrs. Frank Taylor (who were there ahead of the Pierces); Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, three sons and a daughter; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Baker; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Field and three daughters; Mr. and Mrs. Tripp; Harry Tripp; Sidney, Henry and Percy Brockman; Charlie Cooper; Alan and Felix Troughton; C. D. Rushbrook; Mrs. Sheldon Williams, two sons and two daughters; Harry and R. Montagu Bird; E. N. Maltby; Earnest, William and Herbert Beckton; Mr. and Mrs. Stanier and seven sons and two daughters; C. Gerald Napier; C. Steedman; A. Bellhouse; Ashton Lyon; Stuart George; A. LeMesurier; Cecil and Paul LeMesurier; Tony Purser; Dr. Hardy; C. Fleming; H. Dreweath; Harry Moore; Mrs. Pigott and three sons; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Taylor; Fred Blagdon; C. R. A. Hinds; Chas. and Jack Dawson; Mr. and Mrs. John Turton and family; Henry Turton and family; C. Royal Dawson; L. and R. Neish and some others, but sufficient to show that it was some settlement.

The intention of the founders was to establish a self-sufficient English Colony where old English customs, sport and traditions could be kept up and perpetuated from generation to generation. A branch railway line was expected in due time, so that the community would be almost independent of any outside co-operation.

An Anglican church was built in 1884 on land donated by Captain Pierce, and was consecrated that same year; it being the first to be consecrated in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle; Rev. Bolton, of Moosomin, being the first to function there, but a little later on they were able to have a clergyman of their own in the person of Rev. W. St. John Field.

Messrs. Pierce, Bird and Maltby organized "The Moose Mountain Trading Co." and built a Roller Process Flour Mill, and a general store which included a Post Office, and the Mitre Hotel. Then there was a vicarage, a Dominion Land Office, a Club House, School—which had a large hall over it, where wedding receptions, dinner parties and other proceedings of a festive nature were held. Tennis, cricket, football and fox hunting were some of the sports common in the settlement. It could also boast of blacksmith, carpenter, and shoemaker shops, together with other buildings, which will show you that this pioneer settlement was a very superior one indeed.

The majority of those settlers had superior advantages in the old land, and many of them had some money to spare—even after suffering monetary reverses—on account of which many of them came to Canada,

where the residue was supposed to go further. It was a laudable scheme in many ways; yet the most exclusive and highly civilized mortal can learn some admirable trait or secret from the lowest human savage, provided his invisible reception door is left on the latch in all charity and humility.

The Cannington Manorites were, of course, all interested in farming, and many had large farms surrounding the village, but as may be easily understood, the majority were not brought up to manual labor; with the result that the tilling of the soil was found to be far from being as exciting or pleasant, as the various sports to which they were used, and in which they excelled.

Some of their homes could be dubbed prairie mansions, for they could boast of many features very seldom found in a pioneer home; some even had well-stocked cellars.

We remember passing a night in the fine stone home of Mr. Hanson, a retired banker of the old world school, during the summer of that very dry year 1889. He was a handsome old man with long beard and silky hair as white as snow; but what keeps his memory still fresh was his dependence on his personal servant or valet, Hooker. This was a meek-looking blond little man, seemingly created to serve in the fetch and carry line. We can still see his master looking helplessly about him for something—evidently not very sure what he wanted. Then, if Hooker was not in sight, Mr. Hanson would stand up, make a trumpet by cupping both hands around his mouth, and over the ether would go the clarion call of "Ho-o-k-a-h, Ho-ok-ah; Oh, H-o-o-k-a-h," and "Hookah" would appear as silent as a shadow, and everything would be serene again after—"You have them on, Sir." It was his glasses he wanted.

During those early years, the old Moose Mountain trail was kept warm by the traffic between the settlement and Moosomin. Many in and around this town with a similar background as those in the settlement exchanged visits frequently. The Beckton Brothers especially were known throughout the whole of the Territories for their splendid thoroughbred race horses, and to them belongs the credit of introducing this breed to this part of Canada.

But we cannot live on expectations indefinitely, for all too soon, reality sweeps them aside and compels attention. Many of those exclusive English settlers suffered disappointments, for many of their chickens—counted in the shell—failed to hatch, and after 1889, the settlement began to decline. Captain Pierce, called "the father of the settlement", died in 1888, and some maintained that the Cannington Manor settlement stopped then and never went ahead after.

The name "Cannington" was first given to the settlement by the Captain, but as there was a post office of the same name in Ontario, he added "Manor" to it. The name of "All Saints" was given to the church after the name of Rev. A. S. Page's Church at Selsley, Gloucester, England. (He was the father of the three Page boys.)

In scattering over the land, however, those settlers contributed many splendid men and women to the life of Western Canada, and our old-timers recall with some sadness the days of old, when, in due season, we used to hear the weird baying of the fox hounds and the huntsmen's loud "tally-ho," while the master of the hounds in scarlet coat led the was followed by a string of hunters in proper English hunting togs with all the trimmings.

Yes, we used to drop whatever we were doing at such times as the

noise and hallooing drew closer; then the fox would appear, sometimes draggled looking, and sometimes with a grin on his face, when he made up his mind that he had enough exercise for the day and do the mysterious disappearing act, leaving dogs and hunters running around in circles. There were exceptions of course; sometimes he was caught.

But this whiff of old England's atmosphere was refreshing when we consider the setting, for it transported our thoughts for the moment to scenes experienced or read about, adding spice to our prosy work for the rest of the day.

Do You Remember?

Yes, we remember the time when there were no creamers or cream separators in the world—our world, anyway—and all the cream crop used to be skimmed from a large flock of tin pans of all sizes. We have one vivid recollection of those milk pans in the following incident.

One day a Jewish gentleman named Lexier, or some such name, stopped at my father's place in the Earlwood district for a meal. He was extremely well dressed and dudish looking, and described himself as a travelling merchant—but really a glorified peddler—on his way to Moosomin from New Jerusalem. He was very fussy about how his meal should be prepared, and while waiting for the meal, he started walking up and down, up and down the length of the room with hands clasped under his coat tails.

But it was time to skim the cream from the rows of milk pans in the cellar, and so my sister raised the trap-door or hatch and quickly disappeared down the steep ladder. She had a large pan in place for skimming, when Mr. Lexier came tumbling down turning end for end half way, landing head first in that big pan.

We never saw a cleaner job of skimming, for the entire round golden layer covered his head and shoulders when he bounced up cussing, but being in Hebrew, there was no harm done.

Then there was the old dash churn in which the butter was churned and the surplus packed in wooden tubs to be traded in the stores for groceries. Germs, and other new invisible beasties were yet to be invented in those dark days, but there must have been many lurking unknown to the buyers and sellers in the large hollow to be found in those butter augers that the merchant of those days kept under the counter, and which he inserted in the very heart of every tub of butter to find out if the sample was uniform, or perhaps, to see if the farmer's wife had, intentionally or otherwise, buried something foreign at the bottom. Any-way, he always appeared surprised when that black augur confessed that it was all butter of uniform quality to the very bottom.

You will also remember when all the marketable grain used to be hauled to town in bags that had to be handled several times during the operation. Today, when you see stoop-shouldered old-timers walking ahead of you; don't laugh at them, for the condition was brought about by the frequency of their straining their backs lifting many a heavy load when the West was young.

At certain times during those years, there used to be keen bursts of opposition between our Moosomin grain buyers. Sometimes they used to prowl, or lie in wait, where the market trails enter the town, and when a load of grain was sighted, the best sprinter won the prize. There were

no scientific gadgets for testing wheat then; the buyer's eyes, nose and teeth were relied on to do all necessary testing, the teeth especially appeared to be in perpetual motion, so that the habit became fixed, and many old buyers kept chewing imaginary wheat for the rest of their lives.

During years of fair crops and low prices, we remember times when the poor farmer brought a load of potatoes to market, the merchant insisted on putting it through a certain screen, the mesh of which was generous enough to almost allow a good-sized cat to pass through, the result being that the poor farmer's load was nearly as big going home—a mere ten to thirty miles—as it was coming in, but then he got twenty cents per bushel—in trade—for what he sold.

The Open Bar Days

No one can conscientiously say much that is good in favor of those open bar days, as they functioned in Moosomin or elsewhere in the West. Yet glimpses of human nature and slants on life never visible or even suspected under sober circumstances could be seen occasionally under the influence of old "John Barleycorn" with surprising results.

We'll take two well-known characters of those days whose names for our purpose will be John Ard, the doer, and Peter Low, the waster. John Ard in normal everyday life was a shrewd business man, who made good in his line, insisting on his full pound of flesh in all his dealings with others every time. Urbane, trim, starched and reputable for at least 300 days of any given year, when you were apt to find him with his coat of righteous worth buttoned closely around his neat, dapper person. He is painfully precise in his utterances, has superabundance of perseverance, and usually gets what he goes after.

The waster, Peter Low, is a man who had seen better days; had a college education and many other advantages that money alone can give the favored ones of earth. A disreputable derelict now, sponging on others in the bar-rooms, for he has arrived at the stage (when sober) when he doesn't care whether he has a shred of his old respectability left.

Ordinarily, Mr. Ard wouldn't touch Peter Low with a ten foot pole, for he is usually unaware of his existence, or that the derelict holes up in the shack across the lane from him—an eyesore of a place that made him look the other way whenever he passed it.

All this changes however, when such general holidays as Christmas, New Year's, July 1st or some other important day that calls for a major celebration comes round. Behold the two before the bar and acting as if they had changed personalities, for Mr. Ard has thrown off his ordinary stiff and starchy cloak as with a fatuous all embracing smile, and flushed face he lapses into the ungrammatical speech of his youth, while Peter, on the other hand seems to swell and grow taller with every drink, as he pompously parades his former status and college education. "Yes Sir:" He will take one more to show his friend Johnnie that he is not proud at all.

Thus the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde dual nature, that to a certain extent abides in each of us were often on parade during the open bar days. The usually silent surly man in every day life, would develop into a friendly talkative fellow exuding the milk of human kindness from every pore, while his neighbor, whose reputation is supposed to include the

genial virtues, will, under the influence of strong drink show a quarrel-some disposition ready to fight at the drop of a wink.

Yes queer imps were wafted from those bottles to the various brains partaking of their fiery contents. Some became millionaires between two drinks, ready to bet the imaginary treasure on the outcome of the morrow's municipal election, or the race between two flies on the window pane. Others became blue pessimists; some had the lugubrious tearful habit, while more laughed and made many wonderful deals and rosy promises, which usually evaporated (fortunately) before the morning-after headache was over.

In those days the hotel bar was the principal stamping ground of the real estate, mine and gas agents. Here the hooks were baited, and far too often swallowed, as glowing accounts were whispered confidentially through the golden haze created by too many drinks.

Some interesting local figures of a different calibre come to mind when we think of dealers and horse lovers. There was Bill Joll, the natural dealer, who was almost an institution in his line. Ever optimistic under all conditions, Bill was a charming persuasive fellow who would tackle propositions that nobody else would look at—and make something favorable out of it too.

Bill had an indelible memory and could reel off all the highways and byways over a large part of the West; together with the earmarks of every quarter section within fifty miles of Moosomin.

Jim Brown, another "happy warrior," who could give "David Harum" pointers on how to conduct a horse trade properly. Jim, with his earnest confidential whispering was a very familiar figure on our streets for many years, and if there was anything in the world he loved better than a good horse, it must have been swapping it for a better one.

Chesley Van Steinburg was another horse lover, and he and Jim Brown on more than one occasion organized a private race between their respective favourites, with Bob Stewart usually holding the stakes.

There are many splendid residences in Moosomin, and if the years of the depression added few new homes, they have at least witnessed many changed appearances, for many owners have taken advantage of the modern new artistic way of stuccoing their homes, which operation, together with other up-to-date alterations adds much to their appearance and comfort.

The Town Hall is an impressive building, and the final resting place of many secrets known only to the guardian of the Records, the obliging Secretary Treasurer of the town, R. G. McCrea.

Our Municipal Skating Rink is also a tremendous building—being the largest and best appointed outside our largest cities. The Curling Rink also, after undergoing some rejuvenating operations during the last few years, looks fairly youthful again, in spite of a few sagging spots discernable to the keen eye in the region of the kidneys, ye ken. It was built in 1890.

In 1912, the fire and drainage system represented an outlay of \$40,000, but we are not sure of what it represents at the present time.

There are churches in Moosomin for five different denominations: Anglican, United Church, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Catholic.

Another imposing structure is the Moosomin Court House, and if walls could speak, what interesting tales of many famous trials held

there could they relate. We refrain however from going into these more fully, for it might be an indictable offence, and we'll take no chances.

We have a Board of Trade to regulate and promote trade, and a citizen's committee to regulate and promote sports.

Between 1911 and 1913, Moosomin had a very acute attack of Optimisticus. Sub-divisions sprouted, and everyone with a dollar to spare rushed to buy lots. Glowing rumors were believed as facts, in fact, any one with red blood and a little money could not help himself, for the thing was very catching.

The main reason was that new railway lines from here and there were expected to materialize, and to substantiate the expected boom, railway surveyors were here in droves, coming and going silently and mysteriously. Almost every farmer in certain areas would get up in the morning to find a row of little square stakes that seemed to sprout over night on some part of his homestead and all pointing to Moosomin.

Now thinking over the matter, we come to the conclusion that if a railway line had been built wherever those stakes appeared, Moosomin on the map would look like a spider in the centre of its web.

This reminds us of a bunch of our pioneer boys who worked as section men in Moosomin in the late eighties. The pay was small, and the boys appetites were enormous, with the result that they had very little on the credit side when the bills were paid at the end of the month. Their appetites disappeared and they were too ill for a long time to enjoy anything, and in this state one of them groaned, as he turned in disgust from the rough table, "Boys, we should thank God Almighty for having checked our appetites in time."

Something like this may be true regarding the Boom that failed, Providence probably had a hand in it—perhaps for the best of all concerned—but we still think and know that Moosomin is what the glowing literature of 1912 described it: "BOUNTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL, PROGRESSIVE." This may be a little strong, but it was expected to be all this by the pioneers, and its present and future citizens can have no higher aim than to persevere in the good work of making and keeping it so.

Looking Back

Every normal person will, at certain times during his or her pilgrimage through life, pause to take stock, just like the ordinary business man; especially so at critical mile-stones on the way, but more particularly when the height of land is left behind with the last lap almost in sight.

There is no gainsaying the fact that we, the surviving pioneers of Moosomin and district, like the rest of aged humanity, have lived through one of the most notable eras in the world's history. More light—literally and otherwise—has been shed on the obscure and hidden mysteries of this world during the past fifty years than almost during the combined recorded centuries that have gone before. We have lived in an exceedingly fertile age for cultivating mind and body: an age of great wisdom and forbearance; and at the same time, one of the craziest eras in the world's history. An age of speed, fuss and bustle on land, water, and in the air, with all the facilities pertaining to each, with the result that the

world has become a very small place compared with what it used to be fifty years ago. Yet, with all this, countless thousands have suffered want and death from starvation while thousands of tons of food were being destroyed intentionally, and by order of highly civilized governments.

Dire poverty and excessive plenty are to be found all over the world—the one dying slowly because of an empty stomach, while the other is dying faster because of an overloaded one. During this peculiar era, millions were spent on elaborate schemes to promote peace and end war, while more millions were spent on still more elaborate schemes to foster war and ~~end~~ peace; the result being that the greatest war that left the deepest scar in the world's history crippled and still cripples the nations of the world. That was twenty years ago? ? ?

Oh well! Moosomin is not included as having any share in the past or present contradictory conditions mentioned above—except perhaps in a negligible way that no one will notice—a hundred years hence.

It is the special prerogative of the aged and aging to moralize over conclusions arrived at from their experiences, and no one should neglect to add his share, however small, to the common legacy left by those nearing the end of the trail to those starting out—even if the said legacy is more often ignored than not.

Let us therefore sit back for a while in the gloaming: close our corporal eyes and open those of the mind to cast a hurried glance back at the streets of Moosomin over a period of more than half a hundred years. Decade after decade pass before us on this imaginary screen. Familiar figures rise up and tread those pioneer streets for a brief season and then disappear forever from the stage while other figures take their places, also for a brief period and then they too disappear.

McNaughton, Carroll, White, Wetmore, Elwood, McCurdy, Daniel, Doug. and Neil MacCallum; Whiting, Murphy; and then like a dream they mix in their passing, and we see Teddy Jones, Bill Joll, Sam Paul, and Jim Brown, following Captain Price, Colonel Currie, F. F. Forbes, D. H. Cole, Billy Hind, Herb Jamieson, Jim Endicott, Chas. Sheere, and a host of others pass on and disappear out of Moosomin life forever.

When we are young, to look ahead fifty years seem never ending, but looking back that length of time is just a flash. So it is with life, for it is but a flash, even if each of us could live to be 104 years like the late Murdoch MacLean.

We have known all those mentioned for many years, and knew their status, and how the most of them lived and died. We all know that the individual little cares and worries that never materialized pulled far more of them down than the actual criseses inseparable from the life of each normal human.

We have seen penny pinchers and overreaching Shylocks in town and country ending unhappily; burdens to their kin and country at the end, in spite of greed and keeping their due from others. This convinces us that no recipe has yet been invented to ensure a full, happy life equal to the careful observance of the good old ten commandments of God, plus their near relative, the ancient "Golden Rule."

Why take a chance? Think of the brevity of life in the flesh, compared with life eternal when temptation assails you, as it surely will in many guises. Think, too, of those old-timers who walked the same streets you are treading today, as if it were yesterday, and who experienced the very same temptations, but who can never come back to adjust any-

thing they may have done or left undone during their little moment here.

Don't think for a moment that you are indispensable, or that no one else can do your job so well—no matter what it is—for there is always some one ready to step into the tiny niche you filled in life, and the world sails serenely on, while the dead timber—even the Alexanders and Napoleons who shook it for brief moments are hurriedly hidden from sight, and all are soon forgotten with the common clay.

The tendency to avoid hard work is very apparent among the youth of this generation, and we are told by surviving pioneer business men that, generally speaking, a verbal promise is not held as sacred nowadays as it used to be in the days of the pioneer fathers. Some blame present day education and its tendency to "spare the rod." This also applies to the present day home where you will often find children so spoiled that they are regular nuisances to everyone but to their foolish, doting parents.

Of course, the pioneers themselves started this when each couple—bowed and wrinkled with hard work themselves—decided that Johnnie should learn something less strenuous than farming, blacksmithing or carpentering; and that Flossie should be a teacher or a nurse, instead of milking cows and working in the kitchen.

Unfortunately the supply of white collared boys and certificated girls exceed the demand for their services, especially since the lean years set in. Moreover, this is fundamentally a farming country and its wide spaces in normal times could easily absorb more tillers of the soil than the descendants of the pioneers could produce. So these rather over-educated youngsters have fallen on evil times of unemployment, causing many of them to become parasites on their old-age pensioned parents; expecting the best of everything, with minds and bodies getting more sterile with the years, when they should be founding homes and families of their own.

In the Moosomin district we have very few of this kind, and we should thank God for the very many blessings He has bestowed upon our particular part of Saskatchewan, for it never yet failed to provide enough of one kind or another to sustain us during these times of stress.

Wake up, young people, for better times are surely coming; but in the meantime do what your pioneer fathers and mothers would do, not with smooth folded hands, but with calloused ones, that would gladly grab at anything that needed doing, and then do it, if diligence and perseverance could.

The sages of all the ages have left on record that the man who leaves the world a little better and sweeter than he found it, bequeathes to humanity something far more precious than the amassed gold of all the Croesus's that ever lived. In a sense, we are all small and insignificant in so far as having any effect on anything great or small outside our own narrow little spheres of usefulness, but each of us can aspire to be the dispenser of some happiness in his own home at least, or as the great Robbie Burns puts it:

"To make a happy fire-side clime
To weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

THE END.